Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

The opinion in which the present City Council is held by the press and people of Toronto is evidenced by the clamor which has been raised against the secret sessions of the street railway committee. The aldermen are not trusted. Individually many of them are known to be reputable and kindly men, but in their public capacity nearly all of them have been guilty of so many serious blunders and collectively their administration is so short-sighted, so unbusinesslike, so lax in the things which those endeavoring to conscientiously administer public trusts must hold fast, that the people have almost universally come to the conclusion that they need watching. The newspapers have prevented many follies from being perpetrated by the committee and publicity has often been proven to be our greatest safeguard. The appreciation of this has led the people to annually demand greater publicity and the newspapers, feeling that they have in the past had an important share in municipal government, feel that they have been snubbed and ill-treated in having their representatives ejected from meetings where public business is being transacted. City-lawyer Blake was very foolish in expressing his opinion of reporters, and the opinion itself was but another evidence of his belief that nearly all the goodness of Toronto is confined to the Blake family. Nevertheless there are many occasions when individuals desire to mature their plans for phases of proposed business enterprises before discussing them with those most concerned, and as the same methods should be used in public as in private transactions I can appreciate the wisdom of deliberating in private concerning such important matters as are now pending. The committee can give finality to nothing, and unless some fool alderman gets up and rushes the matter through the Council in a manner similar to that attempted in the Don agreement, plenty of time will be given us to discuss these matters. We have nearly six months of the present Council, and it would seem to me wiser if the newspapers instead of abusing the committee permitted them to have a few moments of privacy, at the same time making the demand that ample time shall be afforded for the closer scrutiny of their propositions before the Council is called upon to decide. I think the dignity of newspapers is belittled when such a clamor as the present one is raised. Editors and reporters must admit that there are pies which can and should be made into which they cannot insert a finger during the primary stages. Against every argument, however, which can be advanced in favor of secrecy comes the charge that every such attempt hitherto has been a failure, and worse still—an expensive and ridiculous fiasco. If we had any confidence in our City Council much greater latitude would be allowed the aldermen, and, I have no doubt, greater good could be accomplished. It must be remembered, however, that we can expect nothing of them if we do not allow them the same opportunities as are enjoyed by men attending to their private business.

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The proposed excursion of the mayor, two aldermen and an assistant solicitor in search of information regarding street railways is one of those brilliant projects for a summer picnic which is the highest type of our municipal statesmanship. These civic Stanleys who go out to explore the municipal jungle of the Darkest United States have invariably come back as empty handed and empty headed as they departed. They are always the laughing stock of their confreres who know how meaningless in purpose and extravagant in expenditure such expeditions have always been. Useless as they have been in the past, a fellow feeling makes aldermen wondrous kind and when a batch of explorers from one committee propose such a jaunt, the remainder of the aldermen knowing that their day will come feel bound to support the proposition, thoroughly understanding that when they conspire to go out a'ter the roc's egg and a solution of the whyness of the milk in the cocoanut they will have no difficulty in obtaining an appropriation. As a rule all desirable and obtainable information can be had in reply to letters, but if it is necessary to send anyone to take observations let some man of sense and experience be detailed for the task. He will find out more in a week than a hack load of pleasure seekers will discover in a month. It is by the proposal of such silly and unjustifiable extravagances that the committee which is now working in secret loses what remnant of public confidence it had perhaps enjoyed, for the people distinctly recollect that many of the most outrageous sacrifices of public property and some of the most reckless abandonments of public privileges have been made while visiting officials were warmed by the generous hospitality of those who had axes to grind.

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Can anyone explain why the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is so anxious to experiment in electricity for the benefit of the city? They are willing to tear up their tracks and make exceedingly expensive changes in their plant and method, and to accept a protection of its franchise for a few months only! Those who know the promoters of this enterprise will not for a moment mistake them for philanthropists. They are as hard-headed, close fisted and shrewd as possible. A year ago it was decided that there should be no tinkering with the railways or their roadbeds until the whole street railway question was settled in '91. The period is near at hand, and as no one is suffering why should not the original decision be adhered to? The city has been in the habit of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for greedy corporations until the aldermen apparently consider themselves a legitimate cat's paw for those who can bring influence to bear.

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I see by an interview with License Commissioner Flynn that negotiations are in progress whereby the Arlington Hotel is to acquire "Jim Frawley's" license, the price being in the neighborhood of $5,000. I have no prejudice against the said Frawley, who happens to be doing a term in the Central prison, nor in favor of the Arlington Hotel, which affords large accommodation to the public; but it seems to me strange that this "excellent" license commission, which has power to revoke a license, should make a respectable man who has built one of the largest hotels in the city pay $5,000 for the privilege which was granted to a disreputable character without any premium whatever. Frawley has been a Grit wardheeler and was given a license for no other reason. The money is demanded from the Arlington, I am told, to pay Frawley's debts to the brewers, distillers and cigar men, whose subscriptions enable the "party of purity and progress" to wage war against the wicked Tories. Is this the License Commission which the Methodist Conferences and Presbyterian Assemblies endorsed? It seems to me nothing but political black-mail which is proposed.

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On Tuesday we were given a long opinion from two able lawyers with regard to the rights possessed by the city on the Esplanade and the extension of Bay and Lorne streets. Note how our soft-handed and weak-backed civic authorities handle their business as compared with the strong and aggressive Canadian Pacific Railway! The C. P. R., as soon as it obtained a foothold on the Esplanade, proceeded to fill in the water lots and take possession. It is absolutely necessary that the city should possess the extension of the streets named down to the water's edge, wherever that may be. Our presumptive rights are better than those of the C. P. R. Our city officers, instead of taking action, filling in the extensions and acquiring possession, have been dawdling over the job for three months, getting opinions from some lawyers, publishing the opinion in the newspapers, preparing an agreement with the C. P. R. and waiting for Sir John Thompson to come back from the sea shore. It makes my head ache to see these men who are presumed to be guardians of the city's interests; they have no more strength or courage than a rabbit, and are either in league with the C. P. R. and playing into the hands of the railway lawyers or are afraid they will lose votes by doing their duty. Had they gone about the filling in and paving of these streets when they were first told they had the power to do so, steamers might now be landing their passengers at the foot of Bay and Lorne streets and well-paved roads might have led to the water's edge. True, the railroad might have gotten out an injunction, but this would have forced the fight on the whole Esplanade, exactly what the city should desire to do. Since the time the extension of Bay and Lorne streets was proposed plenty of time has been found to complete the Don agreement and divide that valuable work between the C.P.R. and Belt line railways. Public opinion should chase these weak-kneed trimmers and spineless officials from under the log-heap.

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One of the American press despatches tells a sad story of a young woman who forged a check to obtain money for her lover, and he, perfidious man, received a thousand dollars of it by telegraphic order just as he was marrying another woman. One can scarcely conceive of a more heartless betrayal than this. The suffering consequent upon being detected in crime depends largely on the nature of the detected criminal, but the hopeless misery of this poor girl, who sinned for another and was cast off, must have been terrible indeed. The man who induced her to do this for him, while contemplating additional villainy, would certainly have been sufficiently black and despicable to please even the writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* of June who held that the modern villain of the play-wright and novelist is not sufficiently unpardonable and shameless to excite our emotions up to that height at which a glimpse of virtue overwhelms us with delight. The writer holds that there is nothing like "a good, strong, designing, despicable villain or even villainess, a fair start, a stout fight, an artistic overthrow, triumphant virtue modestly smiling beneath her orange blossoms—shall we ever be too old and world-worn to love these old and world-worn things?" Unfortunately the villain or villainess is not always the one most severely punished in fact, as in fiction. A chapter of such villainy as this press despatch describes, in a novel written by a reputable author, would be criticized as altogether too startling and villainous to be true. It seems to me the blackest villain and the most incredible villainies are never disclosed. There are tragedies growing out of love, perhaps tainted with lust, in the lives of many—seldom twice in a life—which, like red hot pincers, have torn the quivering fibres from the heart.

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Poor girl, as she sat in her cell, a forger for love's sake, with years of penal servitude before her, she might have even smiled to think how he would adore her because she had done so much for him, and those years would have been given cheerfully, hopefully, almost thankfully inasmuch as she could thus prove the depth of her devotion. But when she found how worthless, how villainous had been her tempter, that she had been a dupe, worse still that she had been making possible his nuptials with another—I can suggest no other agony that could have been added. Yet if we think of the most deceived and self-sacrificing amongst the men and women we know it will not be hard to find those who in the privacy of their own apartments, sometimes amidst luxury, have stood in as complete and overwhelming misery as the poor girl whose story appeals to our sympathy. Nor is it difficult to find villains and villainesses who have triumphed without exposure while trampling upon hearts as devotedly unselfish as that of the fair New York forger. Every story of sinful sacrifice made for the love of man or woman is not told; if it were we might look at one another rather aghast, for it somehow seems that when everything is staked on the turn of one card the devil is there ready to suggest how it should be played. It does not need a moralist to point out that no good young man or woman would permit an evil deed to be done for his or her sake, yet love is blind and but few good men or women have gone through life without being tempted to do a wrong thing for love's sake. Their temptation may have been light and the deed may not have been heinous, but the flood gates of your pity will be opened, if you but think how under different circumstances a different and much greater temptation might have overwhelmed you. If we think of the many opportunities we have had to do good for God's sake a realizing sense will come to us of how little our love for Him means when we see how generally the good is unattractive and pure deeds unperformed, while with the blinding passion of human attraction amidst the greatest danger and threatened disgrace, we wildly cling to some misshapen image and throw ourselves beneath the cruel wheels of the Juggernaut of human passion.

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I never had a funnier or more aggravating experience than when I was stage manager of an amateur dramatic company. The little quarrels between the stars, the many pettish threats "not to play," the failure of some of the company to learn their parts and the general discord which ensued suggest the performances now going on within the Liberal party. An arrangement was arrived at before any of the provincial elections were undertaken as to what order they should take, the local premiers so arranging the programme as to have the greatest possible effect. The Quebec elections came last, though they were by no means least. Mercier's victory was the keystone of the arch raised by the canny hands of Mowat and his confreres in the lower provinces. The funny part of it, however, was developed at the Nationalists' banquet, when at the end of the masquerade the Quebec politicians met to jubilate over the result. Sounds of discontent and rebellion had been heard in all the provinces and it was with difficulty that the unequally yoked partners—Liberalism and Ultramontanism—had managed to haul the car of state over Protestant roads. In Quebec, however, it had been easy running and Mons. Mercier, who was happy and prepared to jubilate, invited his brethren from the other provinces to join him in partaking of the fatted calf. Like a feast which was made of old the invited guests refused to come, and into the highways and byways the serving men of the banquet had to go in order to keep empty plates from staring at the hero of the evening.

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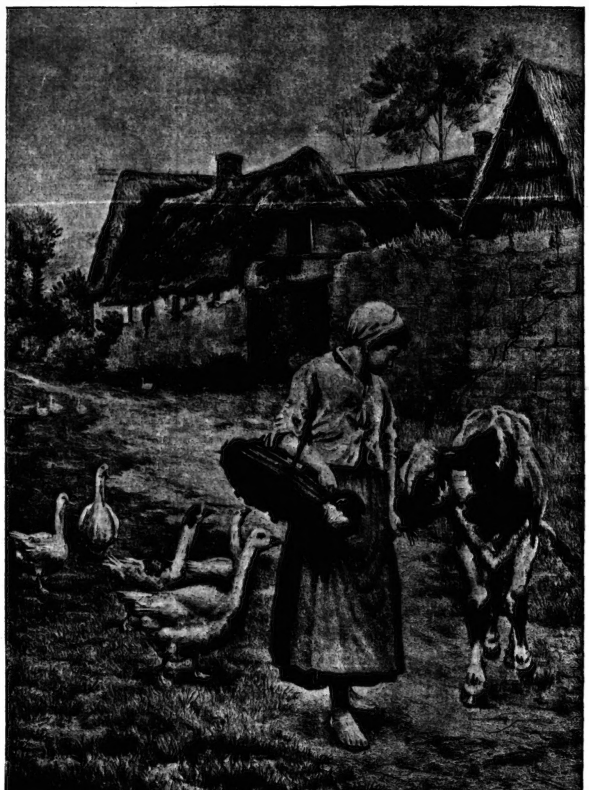
What was the meaning of this failure to congratulate Mons. Mercier? Why was Mr. Mowat so tardy in attendance, so frigid in congratulation? Where were the heroes of the Reform party, Cartwright, Blake, Edgar, Davies, Charlton—the beloved Charlton who strayed from the ninety and nine and now bleateth loudest in the flock—where were these and many others? They had been taught a lesson in Ontario. They had been taught that public opinion in this province at least would not endure closer partnership with Mercier than that which had already been effected. At this point we have to pause and "look with pride," as they say in convention addresses, at the wisdom which arranged the programme of provincial elections. The cunning of the provincial premiers displayed itself in holding back the jubilations of Quebec until after the elections in Ontario. If the feast of the *parti National* had occurred before Mr. Mowat went to the country it is possible that Mons. Mercier would have restrained his prophetic tongue and his forecast of provincial futures might have been hidden until a more convenient period. Had the same speeches been delivered before Mr. Mowat went to the country there would have been no difficulty in electing a sufficient support for Mr. Meredith. However the cunning of Mercier, Mowat and Co. made such valuable campaign material impossible, the people of Ontario have pleasure in recognizing the fact that the campaign ending on the Fifth of June destroyed the possibilities of the Nationalist love feast in which all the provinces were to have joined. Mr. Mowat has learned that he can no longer trifle with the anticlerical feeling of Ontario, and he declined to raise his quavering voice and cunningly concocted utterances in such dangerous company. The same lesson had taught the Cartwrights and the Edgars, the Blakes and the Fieldings, the Charltons and the Davies, to retire during the dog days beneath the moist and cooling shades of the barn. The sagacity of the Liberals in other provinces seems to have taught Mons. Mercier nothing. Indeed his position is one which is to be influenced only by local impulses, and unlike his brethren in the other provinces he has recently had to learn nothing from popular uprisings against church domination. Indeed his is the easy task of cultivating that which others have to oppose. With the pleasant surroundings furnished by supporters who care neither for political principles nor financial obligations, unhindered by the wave of protest which we, in Ontario, hope will overwhelm the partners of a political papacy, he rejoiced as a strong man who has won a great race and sees before him the prospect of being able to crush his allies unless they unite with him, and of being able to defeat his opponents unless they outbid him in the unseemly things of which he is at present the champion. Few men occupy so distinguished a position as that which is at present tenanted by Mons. Mercier. He has nothing to lose and everything to win. His province is bankrupt, his name synonymous with corruption and trickery, with the abandonment of principle and an alliance with craft. When a man has neither name, reputation, principle nor allies to lose he can well rejoice in the power won by preying upon ignorance, tempting cupidity, and making a tool of superstition. Mr. Mowat may well look with envy at the apparently impregnable position occupied by his partner, for he has made equal sacrifices without obtaining proportionate strength. Mons. Mercier is not ashamed of what he has achieved. Mr. Mowat is ashamed. The alliance between the provincial premiers



IN THE FARMYARD.

had been made difficult by the local conflicts, and it has now been made impossible by the declaration of the Quebec Mephistopheles that his programme includes the idea that each province shall be supreme and shall be assisted by Dominion funds to such an extent as to be entirely unheedful of Dominion influences, legislation or restraint.

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Last week I wrote something about the British North America Act and the constitution under which it was framed. The conflict in the Republic to the south of us had taught the fathers of Confederation that we must have a federal power exceeding the old estimate of that of the United States, and it was their desire and design to so construct our fundamental law as to have always in view the frightful conflict of authority which grew out of state sovereignty. Mons. Mercier still insists on state sovereignty, and at the same time demands the bestowal of federal funds upon his bankrupt and unpatriotic province, such as was never bestowed by the Congress at Washington upon any of the allied colonies. Is it possible that we will continue a farcial federation which has no aim but the fattening of the leach which is sure to suck the life blood of the Dominion? I have often said that the Ottawa River is the Mason and Dixon's line of the Canadian union, that papal privilege of the sixteenth century is the slavery which is to bring about the conflict, and that the result will be a united country with one language, one flag, and one patriotism. Every chapter in the history of French-Canadian nationalism is but additional evidence that their methods, while patriotic in their own sight and from their standpoint, are traitorous to us and their intention is the disruption of confederation. It is unnecessary to repeat to readers conversant with the text of Mons. Mercier's indefensible programme the lines he has laid down for the payment by the Dominion of Quebec's municipal expenses cheerfully borne in this province by the ratepayers of the municipalities. It is beyond the conception of patient burden-bearing that we shall continue to pay out not only three-fifths of the federal expenditure but that we shall be also called upon to pay more than half of Quebec's provincial debt. We have long enough been the hostage of confederation, the milch cow for political parasites, the hewers of wood and the carriers of water for the institution which is political only in name and is ecclesiastical in method and result. Mons. Mercier may proceed with his programme, he may heap wealth into the coffers of the religious orders which have made him premier, he may for a short season rob the Dominion, he may for a little span display himself as the Napoleon of the Pope, but the result of it all will be that those who pay the taxes and can carry the muskets will some day deny him and his province the right of secession, escheat again this ill-gotten property to the crown, and establish in reality, as it is now only in name, the British flag over greater North America from ocean to ocean.

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His partners in conspiracy do well to lie low. No provincial campaign can be fought on his times outside of Quebec. A federal election on such a basis as he has proposed would result in sweeping the Grit party into even a smaller hole than they now occupy and their burial in a grave from which no political trump will ever awaken them.

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A correspondent referring to something I wrote the week before last, asks me to define some of the necessities and possibilities of young women. I confess I know but little of the subject, but can at least give an off-hand masculine ideal? It seems to me necessary for a young woman first to know something about the life which she is to lead, that it may afford her a suggestion as to the desirability of making herself so attractive that she may select the best that her world offers, and find herself equal to the task of maintaining her position. The mental attitude of a girl of ten or twelve is a strange mixture of goodness and innate folly. It is a poor compliment to her to say that she is better, purer and more unselfish than a boy of twelve. Teaching her is more complex; it is more difficult to show a growing girl what she needs to do and to learn than to instruct a boy in the material things which will so largely engross his efforts and tend towards his success or failure. A girl who is to be attractive as a young woman must be taught that a daily sacrifice and continuous care are necessary to make her repoueful, gentle and quickly appreciative. If she be permitted to grow up with the idea that she can do as she pleases, talk as she pleases, and read as she pleases, in nine cases out of ten she will be a hoyden at sixteen and an ungraceful, impulsive and irritating woman at twenty-five. If she thinks she is in this world to have fun, she will try to have it and almost certainly make mistakes which may mar her whole lifetime, and that too without having the much sought after fun. I think it is not going too far to say that the girl whose whole aim is to have a jolly time will find more misery, cause more misapprehension and be the victim of more suspicion than the self-possessed young woman who knows something about the world and has twice as good a time—and is perhaps twice as naughty.

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It seems strange to me that so few women learn how to treat young men until they are so old that young men with them should be a chapter of the past. Is there nothing but experience and being tossed around on the rough rocks of twenty years of life's shore which will teach women that her most willing, abject and unconditional slave is the young man who falls into the hands of a young woman who knows how to manage him? Cannot young women be taught that the sacrifice of a few of their whims, the abandonment of a few of their selfish caprices which must at the same time strengthen the best elements of their womanhood, may make her seem to mankind angelic and adorable. I do not pretend that I can estimate the difficulties which beset young women, but I do hope that, without offending the large number of fair readers who I believe take an interest in this page, I may say that the majority are so badly equipped mentally, occupy such an untenable standpoint and have so little experience that they dare not confess their ignorance on one hand and make every effort to either conceal or exaggerate the experience they have had, on the other hand that they are a continual trial to any intelligent person who endeavors to entertain them or be entertained by them. They have not learned to be appreciative. If a poor young fellow is endeavoring to be somebody, they think it smart to chase him about it, instead of by a few words of kindly praise and an admiring look, or a suggestion that he has a future before him, endeavoring to start him at fresh speed in the race for a place amongst the men of to-day. They know, in an indefinite sort of way, that it would make a young man like them much better, and like himself very much better if they would talk about the things which should interest him, upon which he depends, if he is ever to amount to anything, yet they would rather talk about boating and lawn tennis and concerts, and the poor youth, imagining that they know nothing else, will devote himself to such tasks until he is so sick of them that he goes away and wonders how it is that a young woman is not as companionable as a young man. In the whist room of the club or in a little party around some crackers and cheese and etceteras, in a boat-house, or on a fishing excursion with some chums he can have a splendid time, but with the young woman he likes best he knows that outside of a few hand-squeezings and looks of devotion, and the memory of a pretty face and red lips and bright eyes there is nothing to carry away with him, no smart little story, no little word, except of love, which, dropping in the right place has made him feel that he is wasting his time and is not making the best of his possibilities.

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For my own part I can remember one idle summer day when I was just entering manhood; a pretty little scene. A lawn and a hammock and a book, a gentle and intelligent girl who read to me as I stretched myself on the grass, and the selection she chose and dwelt upon was where the heroine of the story told her lover that a man who had no business, no definite occupation in life at twenty-three never would have and would probably degenerate into a loafer. I was crowding up towards twenty-three and no sermon ever did me so much good. It was said so kindly and the conversation which followed it was so full of appreciation of my possibilities and excuses for my idleness and desultory life that without being wounded I set about the concentration of what little energy I had left in the selection of a task to which I could devote myself. I have scarcely seen the young woman since then; she is not young now. Possibly she is unaware of the good she did me, but it strikes me as a good illustration of what a young woman may do if she tries. Young women under-rate their possibilities of influencing the lives of their masculine friends.

DON.

Social and Personal.

Dame Fashion's daughters are no more devoting time to dances and calls in the most approved method of gowning, and at orthodox hours. Summer's freedom looses the bonds of social life, and summer's vagaries are an interesting and welcome feature of the year's various phases of existence. Yachting certainly is pleasurable, but yachting on the bay is not of course a circumstance to yachting in Muskoka or down the St. Lawrence when once summer is here. It may be just as delightful in reality, but the glamour of novelty is not there, and it is undoubtedly a fact that the sun shines brighter where the eyes rest less often. If the summer girls could be seen in their various homes, what a column of merriment and romance we should have. They are scattered over the ocean, across the lakes, down the river, up into the north woods, and while we chronicle their departure, we feel sure they are doing full justice to the season of rest and recuperation, and are also doing their best to wile away from nature her dear double blessing of health and happiness.

Miss Cawthra and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ryerson were among those who sailed on Wednesday for England.

Col. and Mrs. Sweny returned to town last week after a trip west, which included a long ride through the mountains.

Miss Helen Beardmore is visiting in Campbellford.

Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward have reached their home in Toronto.

Mrs. E. Bristol of Huron street has gone to New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Lowry, and Mr. Bristol has taken the ocean trip.

Mrs. and Miss Castle of Washington avenue have gone to visit in Campbellford and other places.

Mr. E. O. Bickford of Gorevale and his son, Mr. Edward Bickford, have returned to Toronto, after a residence of two years in England. Mrs. and Miss Bickford will join them here in a couple of months. I hear though that while they intend to remain in Canada for two years, they will ultimately reside in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn and family have gone to Lake Rosseau for the summer.

The marriage of Miss Laidlaw and Mr. Prant Macdonald is announced for July 21.

Mrs. Elmes Henderson of Oakley gave a pleasantly-arranged At Home on Friday of last week. Among the guests were noticed Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. John Strachan, Mrs. Allan, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Watson and Miss Foote of Georgetown, Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Dixon, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. and Miss Castle, Miss Small, Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, the Misses Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsall of New York, who have been staying at the Arlington, expect to return to their home early in August, when their daughter, who is well-known to many Toronto people, will be married to Mr. Wilkie of London, England.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald, Miss Daisy and Master Jack Macdonald left to-day for their home in Winnipeg. They have been the guests of Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet on Washington avenue.

Miss Daisy Pringle of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. George Dunstan of Russell street.

Mrs. Alexander Morris and family of Jarvis street have left to spend the summer on their island, Isle Maurice, in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Mr. Robert C. Morris, son of the late Hon. Alexander Morris, who obtained his diploma with high honors at the Royal Military College, Kingston, and also a commission in the Royal Artillery of the Imperial Army is in Town. Mr. Morris will join his regiment in the fall.

Capt. W. H. Merrill, who has been visiting in the city, left on Tuesday for Belleville.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson is spending the summer in Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake have gone to the Island for the summer.

The following citizens with their families are summering at Lorne Park: Rev. Dr. Briggs, Messrs. F. Roper, John Sloan, E. Burke, J. W. Stockwell, W. J. Davis, Robert McCausland, George H. Suckling, W. H. Orr, Paul Campbell, W. H. Lailey, John Earls, Mrs. S. E. Brennen, Messrs. Fred W. Walker, James Hewlett, John Evans, Thomas Aikenhead, Thomas Kerr, W. S. Thompson, James S. McMaster, W. D. Wilson, Isaac S. Sherwin, E. B. Fielding, Mrs. and Miss Scott.

Provost Body of Trinity returned from England on Wednesday. The provost's mission was in connection with Trinity's musical degrees, about which English musicians were creating a disturbance.

Another tennis party, one of the enjoyable series given by Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, took place at the Grange on Thursday last. The welcome lowering of temperature rendered the games more delightful by reason of the added earnestness displayed.

The following guests have arrived during the week at the Penetanguishene: Mrs. J. D. Smith, Mrs. A. B. Lee, jr., Mr. E. G. Osler, Mr. J. E. C. Troop, Signor and Madame D'Auria, Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, Mr. Campbell Wilson, Mr. W. M. Merritt of Toronto, Mr. N. B. Gwynne of Dundas, Mr. Iran Senkler of St. Catharines, Mr. B. G. Hamilton of Collingwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cradock-Simpson and Messrs. Percy and Allan Simpson of Montreal and Mr. C. M. Robertson of London, Eng., Mr. J. F. Potts, Mr. W. P. Newton, Mr. J. M. Fedries of New York.

Miss Eakin of Carlton street left on Monday last for a trip down the St. Lawrence and perhaps to the White Mountains before returning.

Miss Maggie O'Neill of Ingersoll is paying a visit to her numerous friends in the city and is at present staying with Miss Urquhart of Avenue road.

The following Montrealers are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, Que.: Mr. R. Y. Hebden, Mrs. G. W. Sweet, Miss Sweet, Capt. J. Fry Davies, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Buchanan and family, Dr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. F. W. Taylor, Mr. H. MacCullough, Miss Trenholme, Mr. F. Trenholme, Mr. W. Rutherford, Mr. George Edwards, Miss Archibald, Mr. H. Archibald, Mr. Fred Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. John MacLean, Miss Greenfield, Mr. R. DesRivieres, Mrs. and Miss Sexton, Mr. H. Gordon Strathy, Miss Ethel Strathy, Mr. H. C. Scott, the Misses Scott, Mr. L. S. Black, Mr. T. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Miss Smith, Mr. T. Labatt, Mr. C. T. Hart, Mr. A. Chouillou, Mr. L. Galarneau, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Wurtele, Miss E. O'Brien, Miss M. Wurtele, Mr. J. Pangman, Mr. F. H. Reynolds, Mr. H. J. Tiffin, Mr. H. T. Perrault.

Mr. Henry Brock and family, of Upper Canada College, left on Thursday for Clear Lake, where they have rented a house for the holidays.

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

On Saturday next the Roger Bon Temp Club will establish their camp for the summer on Kettle island. The following will comprise the party under canvas: J. B. Dorford, E. Bureau, M. Bureau, A. Lapierre, A. Dion and F. Patenaude. During the summer the club will give a series of entertainments for the amusement of their friends who will be invited down from the city.

About twenty prominent members of the White Cap Fishing Club of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in the Capital on Tuesday *en route* for their fishing grounds on the lower St. Lawrence. They travelled in style by special train and contemplated taking their pleasure in the most princely manner, judging from their costly appurtenances. They spent a day viewing the various places of interest in the city.

One of the handsomest and best rigged yachts that ever passed through the Rideau Canal steamed up on Tuesday on its way from Montreal. The craft was the property of Mr. Ell Spencer of Kingston, and its owner is making a tour of the inland lakes. The yacht has a steel frame and is beautifully finished in brass from stem to stern. The interior fittings are most luxurious, the staterooms especially being most elaborate. Mrs. Spencer and a lady friend were on board.

With the exception of a few lawn socials, given in aid of charitable associations, all social gatherings are at an end. The ranks of society are woefully depleted, and every day thins out the number. The mountain, the lake and the sea shore have claimed them as their own.

Hon. C. C. Colby, President of the Council, has gone to the Eastern Townships.

Hon. C. H. Tupper has returned from Riviere du Loup, where he has been in consultation with the Premier.

Hon. George Foster and Mrs. Foster left on Tuesday for New York. After attending the temperance convention at Sea Grove, N. J., they will proceed to St. John, N. B.

Dr. and Mrs. Hill and family left this week for Nahant to spend a few weeks at the seaside.

Mr. J. J. Gormully, barrister, sailed this week for England in the Circassian.

Mr. Johnson, Commissioner of Customs has gone on a holiday trip to Prince Edward Island.

There are said to be close on five hundred Ottawaites domesticated at the charming little village of Britannia, some ten miles from the city.

That lovely spot on the Rideau mis-named Hog's Back is as favorite a place with campers as ever this season. A large number have already taken up their residences there.

Mr. William McGiffin sailed for England this week. It is rumored that when in Leeds he will be married to a charming young lady of that city.

Hon. Edgar Dewdney and Hon. John Haggart have returned to the city.

Miss Senecal of Plattsburgh, N.Y., is on a visit to the capital and is the guest of Mrs. Larose.

Miss Murphy of Yonkers, N.Y., has arrived in the city on a visit of a couple of months to Assessment Commissioner Pratt.

Miss Emma Merritt of New York is a guest at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Neil Morrison of Stewart street.

Lieut.-Col. Charter, at one time on the staff of the Marquis of Lorne, was in the city at the beginning of the week on his way home from China via the Canadian route.

Alderman Laverdure's new pleasure yacht is just now up at the Rideau lakes with a private party from the city including Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Costigan.

Mr. P. Baskerville, ex-M.P., accompanied by his sister, Mrs. James Logue, sailed this week for the old country by the Circassian.

Mr. Fred White, comptroller of the N. W. M. Police, has returned from Riviere du Loup, whither, he has removed his family.

Col. Anderson left this week for a prolonged trip to the Gulf.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The annual Fourth of July hop at the Queen's Royal Hotel, which was to have taken place on Friday evening, was postponed until Saturday, but was not very largely attended. Those who were there, however—principally our cousins from across the border—gave themselves up in such a whole souled way to the enjoyment of the evening that the heaviest heart in the world must have grown light if the possessor had been present to watch them. The ball-room looked perhaps a little quiet and gray after the brilliant appearance it presented last week with its gay crowd of bronzed faces and bright uniforms, but the delights of a military dance come only once a year, and are possibly looked forward to and enjoyed with a keener appreciation on that account—for girls are girls all the world over, and as we all know it is the impossible and the unattainable which they oftener than not desire. The growing inclination on the part of the gentlemen to ignore Fashion's demand for that most becoming of all things to the male form—a dress suit—was most noticeable on Saturday evening, and is generally regretted. The costumes of the ladies are so carefully chosen and so charmingly perfect in every particular that tennis flannels and yachting suits, although picturesque and becoming when the wearers are wielding a racquet or lounging away a delightful afternoon on the deck of a yacht, hardly seem the proper things among such bright faces and dainty gowns as graced the ball-room of the Queen's on Saturday night. Among those dancing I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Paige of Fort Niagara, Mrs. Traverse, Mr. and Mrs. Fox of Berlin, the Misses Woodruff and B. Hamilton of St. Catharines, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Miss Cameron (who is the guest of Miss Milloy), Mr. Percy Ball, Miss Rutherford, who wore a most becoming gown of cream canvasse with yellow satin bodice; Miss Milloy, in black lace, with a very dainty little bonnet to match, generously trimmed with pale yellow roses; Mr. Hugh Watt, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. Ross of Toronto, Mr. Pipon of Molsons Bank, Mr. H. D. Armstrong, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mr. Lansing Burrett and a party from Buffalo, whose pretty gowns and prettier faces were much admired by all present. On an occasion of this kind, when was opinion not divided as to the belle of the evening? Many were the favorites mentioned on Saturday evening as entitled to the distinction, but I think I am safe in saying the honor rested equally between Miss Cameron and Mrs. Gay, the former being prettily attired in mauve, and the latter in white gauze over pink satin. Miss Barker of Buffalo, another favorite of the evening, also looked remarkably pretty in white gauze.

Miss Hilda Herchmer of New York is spending a few weeks with Mrs. Robert Ball, at her beautiful residence, Holmehurst, prior to her departure for the Conservatory of Music at Leipzic, where she will remain three years.

Miss Mabel Ince is spending a week or two with friends in Peterboro'. This is a world of coming and going, but sometimes one departure effects mankind more woefully than half a dozen arrivals.

Among those who crossed the lake on Saturday for a Sunday's quiet at Niagara I noticed Mr. Arthur Palfard, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. W. Strathy, and Mr. Stewart Strathy, with his charming young wife, will stop at Mrs. Miller's boarding house on Johnston street for the summer months. Dr. Strathy and family have also deserted Toronto for a time, and will, as usual, occupy Willow Cottage during the summer.

Mr. A. M. Macrae of St. Catharines has again moved down with his family to occupy during the summer months his residence opposite the Queen's Royal Hotel. GALATEA.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. Farley gave a progressive euchre party on Friday evening.

Miss Bessie Kelso will accompany the family of John Bell, Q.C., to Wellington on July 11.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson leave for a trip to Europe on Tuesday.

Miss Bleasdell of Trenton, daughter of the late Canon Bleasdell, is visiting her sister, Mrs. McGuin on Octavia street.

John Bell, Q.C., and family are down the bay on a cruise in their yacht Nora.

Mr. E. A. Shanklin of Chicago and his sisters, the Misses Shanklin of Toronto, are the guests of Ald. Starling and Mrs. Starling.

Mr. T. C. Lazier and Mr. R. E. Lazier left this week for England and the Continent. They will not return till fall.

Mrs. H. Corby gave a water party down the bay on Saturday in the Cosette.

The Oddfellows and Military Band of this city received a handsome donation from Mayor Clarke of Toronto, to be applied to the funds of the band.

The yacht Muriel of Rochester, N. Y., sailed into the harbor on this week for a jolly party of Americans on board. They are taking in the beautiful scenery of the Bay of Quinte.

Miss Murney and friends enjoy tennis every Wednesday and Friday at Adjidaumo.

Miss Edith Jones, daughter of Rev. Septimus Jones of Toronto, is visiting at Mrs. James Ponton's.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell was in town this week, the guest of Mr. J. C. Jamieson.

Mr. John Bell, Q.C. and family leave this week for the summer residence at Wellington. P.E.Co.

A State of Single Blessedness.

"There is to be no more marriage in Louisiana."

"How's that?"

"Well, they've determined to have no more lotteries there, and marriage is a lottery, you know."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A STRONG TEAM.

Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Playtner, one of the most skilful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leader Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—*Editorial in the "Trader."*

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Felice Paris

Hand-made, Perfect-fitting Glove, in all the new grey tints. Send for Price List.

Millinery, Dressmaking, Corsets

W. M. STITT & CO, 11 & 13 King Street East.

TORONTO ART GALLERY ADJOINS Academy of Music. Open daily until 6 p.m. Choice collection of Modern Paintings. Dressing, Smoking and Reading Rooms, supplied with Art Magazines, &c. Admission 25c. Season tickets $3. The Gallery and Rooms may be rented for Private Balls, Receptions, At Homes, Fancy Fairs, &c. Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35.

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Dominion Line. Beaver Line

Some excellent staterooms available.

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THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS OF CIGARS

MUNGO - - 5c.
CABLE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.

NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON

31 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a new and choice assortment of

Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.

Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.

Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

SUMMER RESORT
THE ROBINSON HOUSE

Big Bay Point Park

Situated on Barrie Bay and Lake Simcoe, one of the most beautiful resorts in America; wooded with maple, beech, pine and butternut. Fishing, boating and bathing facilities are good. The proprietor has placed his row boats to his guests free. Daily mail. The steamer Enterprise will connect daily at Jackson Point with the Midland Railway to convey guests to the park on arrival of morning train from Toronto; connections also made with 2 10 p.m. train at Jackson Point and the 5 10 p.m. train at Barrie for Toronto. Rate $7 per week; children under 12 years and nurses half price. Apply ISAAC ROBINSON, Prop., Barrie P.O.

PROF. DAVIS'
NEW DANCE
"WALTZ MINUET"

"Prof. Davis has been attending the Dancing Masters' convention in Washington, and their introduced his new dance,

THE WALTZ MINUET

It was adopted by the association for introduction throughout America during the coming season. The Washington and Baltimore papers speak very highly of the new dance, and the members of the convention expect it to be the popular dance of next winter."—*The Mail.*

To introduce this elegant music and dance, it will be mailed to any address, FOR ONE MONTH, on receipt of 40c., regular price 60c.

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91 Wilton Ave., Toronto.

HAREM

(Not the Sultan's)

CIGARETTES

YILDIZ

CIGARETTES

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

The contemptuous majority may talk of the over-plus of heat, and the absence of pleasure at our recent carnival, but two people enjoyed at least a part of it.

I swung myself on a street car going north last week, and paid the regulation fare, for the exquisite pleasure of holding a strap, and being pushed against a thin man by a fat woman.

Just behind me was an Irish Pat, who had a half-holiday, and he and Bridget were talking merrily. The tones were so light, so full of joyful anticipation, that I seemed to enter into the fun with them. The excellent humor and staid philosophy with which they accepted the crowding and bore the heat was contagious in its happiness.

"Ye didn't know I would be gettin' off did ye?" queried Pat, with a laugh. I didn't see him laugh, but I could hear it in his voice.

"Ye didn't know it yourself, Pat," answered his better-half.

"No, but I got me orders in, and I didn't hev no Saturday afternoon, so I collared the boss this mornin', and sez he, 'very well, Pat.' Did ye hev yer dinner?"

"No, I wuz that busy with the young uns. I hadn't time."

"Poor kids. They'd like to be along."

"There wuz no one to help me get them cleaned," answered the mother, and so they talked along of the heat, and the crowd, the procession and the big time they were going to have in the park.

The real enjoyment lay in the novelty of the outing. Biddy's hands were rough and hard, lines on her face betokened heavy work and much care. Pat was a brawny, fat-cheeked fellow with an honest look on his broad face. Words are a very measured medium with which to portray the expansive expression of face and voice. Every tone meant few pleasures thoroughly enjoyed and a "good time comin'."

•

Isn't it comical—the way some men raise their hats? The origin of the practice, the curious old custom of laying aside the helmet in the presence of friends, has grown very cobwebby, and the modern man doffs his hat with a smile on his lips, grace in the touch and a big rebellion in his heart.

"It isn't natural," he groans—poor fellow. It's cold in winter, hot in summer, and an unnecessary nuisance between times. However, he has to do it, and so with the pride-must-suffer-pain motto in his heart, he goes forth to flustrate the maidens by his dainty way of doing the disagreeable.

Some men—notably the energetic man of exaggerated self-esteem lifts his hat off his head and performs the step-into-it act. Of course, he does not really walk into it, but appearances indicate possibilities in the future.

Then there's the lazy man, who indolently introduces one-sixteenth of a cubic inch of air beneath his hat brim, smiles languidly and considers his duty done.

Some men jerk their hats off and push them on as if they were afraid some one was going to see the bald spot, but they are, in most instances, practical men, of nervous temperaments, vivacious and good talkers.

But the most captivating hat-lift is one you seldom see. It is a tip up, forward, and a little aside, leisurely, graceful and fascinating. The man who lifts his hat that way nearly always has bright eyes; and when you have seen the conclusion of the elegant courtesy, you will be almost sure to look into a pair of twinkling, mischievous eyes, which smile a merry greeting.

Taking the hat altogether, girls, I think the men have the best of us there, for they have eyes to be expressive, lips to smile and hats to help the gay witchery of a pleasant personality.

•

I saw a dear little old maid last week. She was none of the pink-ribboned, fringe-finished maiden ladies of to-day, but a sweet-faced, old-fashioned body, with gray side-curls, plain gray gown and gentle, placid face. She walked lightly, with little bird-like hops, and a funny, teetering motion of her slim self, curls and all.

Her countenance was so serene, so gracious and kindly that I caught myself wondering where she could have lived, to keep worry-lines and temper-wrinkles so successfully at bay.

Hugo says that if we could see the souls of others we would find in them resemblances to some one species of the animal creation. Perhaps it is so and I think that could I have seen the soul of the silent dapper, gray-gowned woman, who was likely some youngster's "aunt" somebody, I should have looked upon a patient little sparrow with tightly-folded wings, briskly-moving feet and bright, happy eyes.

•

Black china silk bathing suits are proclaimed as fashion's latest exhibition of foolishness.

By all mean girls should bathe in rivers, lakes and the sea. It gives them a confidence in their ability to keep heads up. Even if they do not learn to swim strongly, they find how small a piece of wood will insure their safety, and I would earnestly recommend every girl to become familiar with the art of swimming and floating.

It is not the bathing, nor the swimming, nor the dainty bathing dresses that make food for the paragraphers and incense the right-minded, it is the ridiculously indecent want of bathing-dresses. No one can find the slightest fault with gowns that are designed to serve a gown's purpose, be it never so plainly made. The material should be wool for several very excellent reasons. A light-weight, well-shrunken flannel will give more service, guard better from chill, and hang more gracefully when saturated with water than any other goods in the market. An oilskin hat will protect the hair if it be thick or inconvenient to dry. On other occasions a hat or wool cap can be worn, and leather-soled stockings will be found to impede a swimmer's motion less than the regulation bathing shoes.

Let the funny papers print their odious jokes and exhibit their undignified pictures and still sensible girls will learn for safety's sake to support themselves by measured strokes and cool headedness. Those who live on the water front require sufficient knowledge of the tricky element to keep from going down to the bottom with splash and gurgle should they happen to be turned out of a skiff.

This avalanche of bathing-suit humor makes me cross. It rumples my dignity. I want to put it out of my mind and it won't stay put, so I feel like calling the girls to band themselves together and we'll swim if we want to—only we will wear flannel suits, and we won't be "scrimpy" with the flannel. CLIP CAREW.

The Feather and the Rose.

"How dare you?" demanded the rose, blushing deeply, as the feather fluttered among the leaves.

"It isn't my fault—it's the wind; he's always upsetting things," complained the feather.

"Don't abuse the wind; he's a charming fellow. It's your silly ambition—don't deny it. Not content to remain on the back of that good old gray goose, you induced the wind to bring you out into the world, and with the customary conceit of stupid people, you insist upon poking yourself where you're not wanted. I'm sure I don't know what the poet will think."

"Who is the poet?" faltered the feather.

"So you don't know the poet. Well, well!" and the rose curled its leaves scornfully. "Why, the poet is my sweetheart. He sits right by this window, and bends over the sill every morning to kiss me, and tell me that I am the inspiration of his song."

"Where is the song?" asked the feather, interested.

"It isn't written yet," replied the rose, haughtily. "But there he is now, and I do wish you'd slip down about my roots, you good-for-nothing thing! What will he think when he sees an ugly goose quill sticking so close to me—a mere feather of no use to anyone on earth."

The rose spread herself, and held up her sweet face to the poet, who smiled and plucked her.

She was startled at first, but recovered instantly, and looked proudly down while he pinned her to the lapel of his coat.

"Well, good-bye to you," said the feather, cheerily. "Good-bye," echoed the wind.

The rustling of these farewells caused the poet to turn.

"What a magnificent quill," he exclaimed, and picking up the despised feather he went back to his seat near the window, quicky made a pen and began to write.

The rose was dumb with astonishment. She could see every movement of the lucky quill, and from its point there fell beautiful verses about herself, praising her perfume and color and loveliness till at last she hung her head in shame, murmuring:

"I don't deserve it, dear quill, I don't indeed," and slowly faded away.—*Pearl Eytinge, in the N. Y. Mirror.*

The Greatest Vice.

Mistress (to servant, who is about to throw away an old lamp)—What is the matter with that lamp, Bridget? Does it smoke?

Bridget—I don't know nothin' 'bout whether it smokes or drinks; but it goes out nights, mum.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

How it is Worked.

Mr. Prim (first summer customer)—Are flannel shirts going to be worn this summer?

Dealer (with a big stock on hand)—Y-e-s, sir. Oh, yes, sir. Of course, sir.

Mr. Prim (dolefully)—Well, if everybody else is getting the ugly things, I suppose I'll have to, too. I'll give you an order.

Another customer (a little latter)—I hope flannel shirts are not going to be worn this summer again.

Dealer—Oh, everybody's rushing for 'em, same as last year. It isn't ten minutes since I got an order from Mr. Prim.

Customer (drearily)—Well, take my measure. —*N. Y. Weekly.*

Jennie Lind's Grave.

Phineas T. Barnum was looking over the Auditorium building Saturday afternoon when the writer encountered him with the story written in England and reprinted in the *Tribune* from a New York paper to the effect that Jennie Lind's grave is unmarked and neglected, that her last days were shadowed by the indifference of her husband, and that she died broken-hearted.

"Not a word of truth in it. It's false. Contradict it at once. If you don't, I shall over my own signature. It is unjust to the dead—it is not fair to the living. Bless my soul! how do such things get into print?

The smile, so familiar to the world, vanished from the great old showman's face as he spoke.

"I was over in the old country recently, as you know," he continued, with a quiver on his lips. "I went to Jenny Lind's home and saw and talked to her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her daughter and her granddaughter, and they with me. As for the grave of the dear dead woman, it is marked by a monument in the shape of a cross. It is touching in its simplicity. But it is like her in that respect. It is costly and unique. The grave is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and most of these are sent down by the Goldschmidt family.

"There are a number of fine portraits of the nightingale on the walls of Mr. Goldschmidt's home, and several fine marble busts. Her memory is a perpetual theme in that house. Mr. Goldschmidt is a thorough gentleman, and talked with me about his dead wife in the tenderest way. I am sure he was sincere. And her daughter's voice was full of feeling when she spoke of 'poor mamma.'

"How could anyone say that Jenny Lind's grave is neglected, and how could anyone say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. Her last days were spent in singing for indigent c'ergymen. She was the most charitable woman that ever lived. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great-hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as showman I became most attached to her. It was in 1850 that she came to me. I had never seen her until I met her on the vessel that brought her over. Dear Jenny Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved till her last breath, and that her memory is not tenderly kept, and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not true, sir. I hope the contradiction will be made emphatic."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Realism of Art.

Mr. Vandyke-Browne, R. C. A.—My dear, I overheard a magnificent compliment to my picture, A Storm at Sea, at the exhibition this afternoon.

Mrs. V-B.—What was it, love?

Mr. V-B.—Er—a man and his wife were looking at it and I heard the fellow say, "Come away, Hannah, that picture makes me sick."

The city of Toronto has long been noted for its enterprise and energy, but in no branch of business activity has greater progress been made than in the line of fine tailoring. This is abundantly demonstrated to anyone who carefully inspects the stock of Henry A. Taylor and observes all that is fashionable in the latest patterns, and realizes from a practical test the exquisite fit and elegant finish of all garments leaving his establishment. This business was established in the year 1870, and the premises occupied by Mr. Taylor are spacious and commodious, and especially adapted to the requirements of his extensive business—doing the largest and best transient merchant tailoring business in Toronto. There is no firm in the city whose facilities for the prompt fulfilment of orders approach those of Henry A. Taylor. The high personal character of Mr. Taylor is sufficient guarantee of the reliable manner in which all garments are manufactured, and the ability displayed in conducting this large and growing business must continue to assure an increased patronage from the best classes of society. Remember the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment, 119 King Street West.

Holiday Trips.

Of all seasons of the year this is the one when the busy man of the town asks himself: Where shall I go for a pleasant sail and what boat will I select? Now we can successfully answer the question by naming the magnificent boats of the Hamilton Navigation Co.—the Macassa and Modjeska—plying between this city and Hamilton. We are speaking from experience when we say that the service is of the very best, the officers of the boats obliging and everything conducive to the comfort of its patrons is done by this enterprising company.

The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie Ry., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.

Comfort is everything while traveling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress of India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.

You can get your eyes tested on scientific principles free of charge at Brown's jewelry store, 110 Yonge street, by going between 10 o'clock a.m. and 1 o'clock p.m. every day.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M.P.H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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THE "PARISIAN PLAITING" OR IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING.

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MISS STARK'S HOUSE, 427 Yonge St., Toronto

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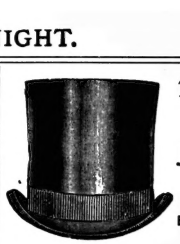
FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY PRICE 25¢ ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

Gratified Inquisitiveness.

The Owl—To-whoo!

Clooney—It's none o' yure business, yez interferin' spalpeen, but it's to Mary Ann Darragh fer a birt'day prisint.—*Judge.*

1890 : SPRING : 1890



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MOTHS

Ladies, preserve your Furs during the Summer months from Moths, dampness and fire, by sending them to us for storage. They are thoroughly cleansed from the Winter's accumulation of dust before putting them away, and are glazed before sending home. Receipts are given and charges are reasonable.

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TRY OUR NEW PATENT

YATISI YATISI

YATISI TRUE DESIGN MAKES CORSET

CORSET

This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.

Crompton Corset Co'y

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OUR TELEPHONE NUMBER IS

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Kindly make a note of it, and call us up if you want a cool satin Blouse at $2.95, worth $5.00.

212 YONGE STREET

SEWING SILK—ALL COLORS—A BIG bargain in 25 skeins. Knowing the great favor our customers would consider it if we let them have the advantage of a big trade, we bought a large lot awfully cheap. We selected the finest and most delicate silk dints the market affords. Every home in the land has a use for embroidery silk. The package silk is far inferior to skeins, and costs much more. It will put you in a way to get money easily by your own work. We will send you a double 25-skein of this SILK, containing all colors, for only 25c. silver, and prepaid. Who ever heard of such a bargain?

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THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO., Ltd.

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Are recognized as Toronto's leading grocers. Their specialty this week is

Camping, Picnicing and Yachting Supplies

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This fine Island Residence has been entirely refitted and refurnished for the season, and is under ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT. Terms reasonable. First class bill of fare, and every attention paid to the comfort of guests. Beautiful views of the Lake, Bay and City from all points. Boating facilities of the best. Single and double rooms for gentlemen. Special rates for families. For terms address—

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From the leading designers in Paris, London and New York should visit our Parlors.

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CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in

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77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

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PART II.—CHAPTER II.

"ON THE TRAIL."

Luke Dillon was a rare specimen of his race, a money-loving Irishman. As a woman is the most incurable of drunkards, so an Irish Celt, whose nature is so perverted as to think of to-morrow and develop a greed for gold, is the most abandoned miser. There is no limit to his passion for accumulating. Scotchmen and Englishmen can be reasonably stingy (save in a few cases of almost diseased minds), and to a love of money unite some regard for reputation, some recognition that too overt doing of their fellow creatures defeats their object and diminishes their gains. But a miserly Irishman is often too much blinded by an intense desire to grasp every possible penny to see his own real interest clearly.

It was the flaw in a very shrewd, far-seeing intellect, but as yet indulgence had not developed it to that degree of intensity which dulls perception in other directions. A few tastes still remained to Dillon not quite dwarfed by the master passion, among them a certain pleasure in his own keenness and such creature comforts as good food and wine.

The circumstances of Mrs. Callander's death exercised him a good deal.

He would have been rather disgusted to think that his task offered no greater difficulty than tracing a common seaman, a mere vulgar thief. For his own credit's sake he hoped and expected to find a far deeper, subtler motive below the apparent simplicity of the crime.

As to the guarantee of spotless character and blameless life against the possibilities of hidden shame, and cruel revenge, he gave no heed to such feather-weights. No iniquity was too great for the weakness of human nature, according to his philosophy. Now he was busy being proof against the force of temptation properly applied; the difference between the purest and noblest woman and the most degraded of her sex was a mere matter of accident—of her surroundings.

If he could find the sailor, the supposed murderer, and prove him guilty, well and good, he would get a thousand pounds. It he could find a more highly-placed assassin, so much the better—he should unearth some dreadful secret which it would be of the last importance to conceal, even at the price of immunity to the murderer. This would mean a heavy bribe to insure his own silence. Two thousand instead of one—ay more—with the possibility of retaining fees for many a year to come. With this idea Dillon applied all the force of his keen and, in some ways, imaginative mind, first to invent probabilities and then to seek proof of them, for he had often discovered very unexpected truth while following the scent of a false theory.

Given a beautiful young woman, separated by many a league of land and sea from a husband considerably older than herself, what more likely than a lover? And, given a lover, the amount of guilt and cruelty, deceit and treachery, depended on the strength of passion, the difficulties and provocations of the position. "There must be a confidante somewhere," mused the detective, as he strolled along the common the day after the funeral. "I wish I could find her—if it is a 'her'—I wish I could get a word with Miss Mel Egerton. He is a good-looking chap, a snuff-the-moon sort of fellow, thinks no 'small potatoes' of himself. I could see that in spite of his grief—Gad, he looked as if he had lost everyone belonging to him; when I saw him get into the carriage yesterday morning he could hardly stand—yet he has a determined face, sort of boss, that could do pretty well what he liked with a woman. I must have a talk with the young sister. If she knows anything I'll get it out of her. It seems this Egerton was her sweetheart. Who was the other's?"

At this point in his meditations Dillon came upon a gentleman who was walking slowly along the beach, and had crossed from the water's edge as if to mount some steps that led to the low embankment.

Dillon recognized Egerton, and waited till he was near.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, deferentially touching his hat, "I want a word or two with you."

"Who are you?" asked Egerton, haughtily.

"My name is Dillon, and I am in the employment of Mr. Standish at present."

"Ah! the detective," with a tinge of contempt in his tone. "Are you sent from Scotland Yard?"

"No, sir, I am not in any service except that of the person who engages me temporarily. I am free to do as my employer directs; to press on to full discovery or to hold my hand——"

"What do you want with me?"

"I'd make bold to ask you a question or two, if I may, sir."

"Go on, we can walk while I speak. What is it?"

"They tell me you spoke to these men, the sailors who are suspected of the murder. Now, I'd like to know what your opinion is."

"I have none. They may have done it, but there are base scoundrels of every nation who'd stab their mothers for gold and jewels."

"Maybe so, but not their sweethearts, sir."

"What do you mean?" cried Egerton, his eyes lighting up angrily, while a deep flush passed over his face, so deadly white before. "Do you think this tragedy a fit subject for vulgar jests?"

"God forbid, sir," gravely. "But you see rough men like me are not accustomed to touch things gingerly as gentlefolks do. You see it's rather hard to hunt up men that may be innocent, and waste a lot of time and money into the bargain, without looking round a bit for any other possible party."

"I think it is all wasted time," said Egerton, passionately. "We'll never catch the real murderer, though I'd give all I possess to stand by and see him die inch by inch under the grasp of a tortturer; but I don't want you, or any like you, to handle and dissect the simple details of a life like—— There," stopping himself, "I am tolerably sure some blood-thirsty thief stole in and allenged her for ever, some wretch who will assuredly meet his punishment sooner or later, who is perhaps—. That is all I think about it. If you want money to prosecute your search, come to me—there, take that and let me go; I don't want to speak to you again." He took out his purse and put five or six sovereigns in Dillon's ready hand, then with a gesture of infinite abhorrence turned from him and walked rapidly in the direction of the pier.

"Oh! I'm too dirty to be touched, am I?" muttered the detective, looking after him with an unpleasant grin. "All the fitter to take the 'filthy lucre.'" Drawing a small leather bag from his pocket, he put the sovereigns into it; carefully twisting the string round it he placed the bag in his breast pocket, and quickening his pace, directed his steps to The Knoll.

"There is something wrong with you, my fine gentleman," he mused. "A man's not always so wild with grief about his friend's wife, unless—he's not the sort of man though to stick a knife in a woman—unless he was riled to that extent! Faith, jealousy and revenge have brought finer gentlemen than you into ugly places. She must have been a regular beauty. Now let's see what is to be done with the other one."

The upper housemaid was the first Dillon saw on opening the side door, he rarely used the chief entrance.

"Is Mr. Standish in?"

"I don't know, sir. He was here about an hour ago, but I've not been upstairs since. Maybe he is in the drawing-room. Shall I go and see, sir?"

The servants were rather in awe of Dillon. They credited him with the power to turn them "inside out" as cook expressed it, and clap them in prison if he doubted their truthfulness, moreover, they hoped and believed that his unerring skill could not fail to track the murderer and bring him to justice as they devoutly wished.

"No thank you, Mary, my dear, I'll just go and look myself. Stop where you are."

"He's gone out to do some errands. He and the Colonel go to town to-night."

"Ay, he is better out of this," and Dillon went deliberately towards the hall.

Dorothy had forced herself to sit down stairs in the drawing-room that morning to answer some of the many letters of condolence poured upon her since the dreadful death of her sister had been described by every newspaper in England and some abroad—chiefly hoping to exchange a few words with Standish as he came and went.

It seemed that long years had passed since she had written letters in that room last; was it not hideously soon to be clothed and in her right mind, and able to resume anything of her ordinary work. Was life to go on just as usual without Mabel? How was Herbert to bear existence unless he could shake off something of the awful, silent grief which oppressed him! If she hardly mastered of himself, how could Standish went away, how appalling her loneliness would be!

"Thank you, miss: I only wanted to ask him a question or two, and maybe you could answer them as well."

"And they are——?" said Dorothy.

"Just this"—he paused to invent them. "How soon does Mr. Standish leave—leave England I mean?"

"I am not quite sure—in a week or ten days."

"Ah! then I may have the information I hope to get in that time. I should like to write his address there—where he is going."

"He will be sure to give it to you! and, Mr. Dillon, do you hope to get any clue?"

"Well, miss, I hope so, I may not. There are many points to be considered. It's all very well to offer rewards and hunt up those foreign chaps, but it's just possible others may have a hand in it. Things look black enough, I grant, against those men, still——" he stopped and looked down, as if considering deeply.

"Still, in what other way can you possibly account for the horrible crime?" asked Dorothy.

"As to accounting for it—why, that's not to be thought of yet. Then, you see, there's many of crimes done from spite, and jealousy, and revenge, besides the desire to grab booty."

"There could be no such motives in this case," muttered Dorothy, trying to speak calmly while her heart beat with most painful violence at the corroboration of her own horrible suspicions. "Who could be jealous of or wish to hurt my sister, who only lived among her own family and had no intimacies outside them?"

"Well, I suppose that's true, but you know, miss, I am a stranger and don't know nothing of how you and she lived. Sometimes good, kind ladies—meaning no offence, mind, you, who don't stop at trifles; if you could remember now that she scorned anyone, or turned her back on anyone, it might be a help, and of course you would like to bring the villain to justice!" He kept his small searching eyes fixed on her while he spoke, noting how the swift blood mounted into her cheeks and then left her paler than before, how her eyes avoided his, and seemed to shrink together.

"We have lived with true, kind friends, with faithful servants, and I could think of nothing that could suggest the evil thoughts or purpose you hint at."

"Well, I am sure it's good to hear you say so. The world's a cruel, bad place, and I have known queer things in it. Now a beautiful lady, if she's as good as an angel, can't help bad people coming near her. Then, you know, the better she is and the prouder she is, the more she's likely to rouse the devil in some——"

"How dare you suggest such fearful possibilities!" interrupted Dorothy, hardly able to refrain from screaming aloud with terror. "You are thinking of wicked, uncivilized people, not of Englishmen and ladies; these vile motives do not exist here, and—and you ought not to speak of them to any one! Don't you see what frightful conclusions they point to? What a cruel construction the world we live in would put upon them. You must not speak in this way—to any one!"

"Trust me," he returned, with a hideously confidential air—while he thought, "She knows more than I imagined, she's near the slip off the roof here, somehow." "I have kept many a curious story quiet before this!" he said aloud. "If you trust me, miss, and just tell me every little trifle, such as, of course, you wouldn't speak out before a low, vulgar policeman who has neither discretion nor delicacy, I'll lay my hand on the miscreant—do' with strong emphasis, "the real miscreant's tool!"

Dorothy was overwhelmed. How was it that this stranger, this common man, had evolved suspicions so like her own? What clue had he gained? How did he dare—her head swam. She dreaded to think what sculptory moment of writing either from or to Egerton might have fallen into his hands, papers, notes, letters were so easily mislaid, so dreadfully dangerous. She made a gallant effort to pull herself together, for she felt he was trying to read her thoughts with his sly mean eyes.

"I am so unnerved," she said, with sudden composure, "that everything frightens me. Of course a man of your experience must know much that seems impossible to me. I can but hope your skill may bring the real felon to justice. To me, of course, it is clear that robbery and the fear of detection were the only motives for the crime that has robbed us of one so dear."

A sob choked her words.

Dillon stood respectfully silent.

"It was only foolish nervousness that made me speak as I did," she continued. "I am sure you know best what to say as well as to do, and my dear sister's life was so simple, so kindly, so innocent, that I have no fear whatever of any construction being put upon it. You need not think of my foolish words."

"She's a plucky one," thought the detective, while he said aloud, "No, of course not, miss; but I'll be careful, all the same, and you may be sure I'll do my best to find out the real truth. He suddenly raised his eyes as he uttered the last words. Dorothy could not resist a shiver; there was, to her ear, a threat in his tone. "Now," he resumed—when to Dorothy's delight the door opened to admit Standish, who came in quickly, saying:

"You here, Dillon?"

He stopped beside Drothy.

"Yes, sir. I just came in, thinking you were here, and was about to ask her a question or two about that bar——"

He stopped, looking at Dorothy, who made no reply.

"Well, ask them," returned Standish, somewhat impatiently. "Miss Wynn looks very much exhausted. The sooner we can leave her to rest, the better." While he spoke Dorothy, as if unconsciously, slipped her arm through his and drew close to him, so that he felt the beating of her heart, the tremor that occasionally ran through her slight frame.

"All right, sir. On the night of the 20th September, then, you woke up with a sound like metal falling?"

"Something woke me. I was dreaming, and am not sure whether my dream did not suggest the noise."

"Or the noise might have suggested the dream, miss? Well, it was a bold ruffian that dared to come in at that window, not knowing but that he'd find the colonel there, with a revolver under his pillow.

"It is extraordinary," said Standish, "but probably the fellow did not know it was a bedroom." He felt Dorothy cling closer to him as he spoke.

"Ay, that might be! and the light in the room might have attracted him (I had it lit last evening, and it can be seen faintly outside). Well, miss, did the noise frighten you?"

"It startled me; but everything was so quiet after that I thought it could only be the impression of my dream."

"You haven't any idea what o'clock it was?"

"Not the least. If I had only gone downstairs——" She stopped with a sob.

"You would have been murdered too, very likely."

"This is enough," said Standish, sternly. "Miss Wynn has told all this before. You are distressing her unnecessarily. I do not see your drift. Go into the next room and wait for me. I am quite willing to be cross-examined."

"Very well, sir; I am sorry I disturbed the young lady." With an abrupt bow and a satisfied smile he left the room, thinking, "She could tell a good bit if she chose. She was in a proper fright when I hinted at jealousy. I suspect I sailed pretty close to the wind. She does not want his high mightiness there to know what I was driving at. She spoke up pretty quick when I began about the bar. I knew I have a fine job in hand. She is uncommonly pretty piece of goods. I would not mind her cuddling me up as she does that guardian. But, Lord! a big bag of sovs. is worth all that moonshine."

Meantime Standish, looking kindly into Dorothy's eyes exclaimed, "I was afraid that fellow's questions would only open your wounds. I wanted to be with you when he came. You are looking so pale and worn, Dorothy. I must get you away from this."

Dorothy withdrew her arm from his and sat down, beginning to put her papers and letters together.

"I shall be pleased, too. The sight of this room, of everything, the recollection of our happy days is unsupportable.

"I have been consulting with Miss Oakeley. Mrs. Callander wants you all to go to her house in London—at least, till you can get settled in an abode of your own. Miss Oakeley proposes to take a house and reside with you, for the winter, at least. What do you think of this? She is kind and human."

"I should like to be with Henrietta, but not with Mrs. Callander. You must save me from Mrs. Callander, Paul."

"I will as far as I can, my dear child. Do you know, she has just gone in to pay her son an unexpected visit?"

"Indeed!" cried Dorothy, dismayed. "I am sorry—it will irritate him, and he may wear her. His dislike to the idea of seeing her almost alarms me. It is so unnatural, it is so unlike him when he is himself."

"I imagine that her unfriendly feeling to his sweet wife was a source of annoyance to him, and now she is gone he resents it as he never would have done during her life time."

Dorothy bent her head, but did not reply.

"Then I have your permission to arrange so far as your winter abode, at least with Miss Oakeley?"

"Yes, dear Paul. Shall you be long away?"

"As short a time as I can manage—a month, perhaps. Indeed I must come back to look after you and the children, for poor Callander seems to shrink from me—from us all. He told Egeron he would leave a power of attorney with his solicitors, and would lodge money for current expenses in their hands, as he wanted to stay a long time abroad. He will, no doubt, return sooner than he intends. The first crud keenness of his grief blunted, he will long to see his poor children."

Here a sound of voices and steps outside attracted their attention. The door was partly open and Dorothy heard Mrs. Callander's voice saying very distinctly, "No; I shall leave at once. It is insupportable."

Dorothy looked interrogatively at Standish.

"I would not go if I were you," he said, answering the glance. "She can come to here if she likes." In another minute the noise as of a carriage driving away was heard, and at the same time Miss Oakeley came in looking rather scared.

"Isn't it unfortunate?" she said, throwing herself into a chair. "He would not allow her to stay or even to sit down."

"Who? Herbert?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes. When his mother went in (quite against my advice) he stood up, looking perfectly awful, and said, 'I did not ask you to come here.'

"'I know that!' she returned, quite subdued, 'but I could not keep away, I longed to see you, my dear son—to see——'

"'I may see you hereafter,' he said, in such a strange, choked sort of voice. 'Not here, while all is fresh, I will not. You were the one enemy she had on earth. You only distrusted and disliked her; you made her shrink from you, and I will neither see, nor speak with you, till God has given me grace to forgive.'

"Poor Herbert," continued Miss Oakeley, weeping and wiping her eyes; "he was always a religious man. I was sorry for my aunt, too, poor old thing; I wanted her to come in here and sit down, but no, he was so—so—I felt offended; she has gone back, and I really think I must go after her."

"Do, dear Henrietta. She was cross and disagreeable, but this is a terrible punishment—to be rejected by her own, own son!"

"Yes, and Mr. Egerton was with me this morning, and says Herbert does not wish the children to be with her. We must try and smooth him down."

"It is a relief to me that Egerton is going with Callander. This dreadful blow seems almost more than his brain can stand. Still, he is always just and reasonable. Change of scene will, no doubt, restore his balance, and his extraordinary antipathies will fade away," said Standish thoughtfully.

"I wish, I do wish you were going with Herbert," said Dorothy, wringing her hands in her earnestness. There was a tone of anguish in her voice that struck Standish.

"My dear Dorothy," he said, seriously, "you have always been a sensible girl, and you must not let yourself brood over imaginary trouble now, when you have so terrible a grief to contend with; you will fritter away your strength, which has been sorely tried. Egerton is an excellent companion for Callander. I do not understand your prejudice against him."

"Nor I," added Miss Oakeley. "I am sure he has been like a brother to Herbert, only a great deal more brotherly than a brother! Now I must go to my aunt;" and Henrietta, who, though truly sympathetic, was in a way exhilarated by having so much to do—real work, too—went quickly away.

"I cannot bear to leave you, my dear girl," said Standish, leaning on the back of Dorothy's chair. "I fear the effect of all this on your health. Come, you must be brave for all our sakes. You must be a mother to those poor little children, and you must not distress me, for if I leave you in this hopelessly nervous state, I shall have no heart for work, and you know my future depends on my work and how I do it. If I am haunted by a picture of Dorothy, encouraging imaginary terrors till she is hysterical and useless, I shall be restless and miserable about you."

"Ah, Paul, you do not understand,' cried Dorothy. She was, indeed, sorely tried. Paul's appreciation was infinitely precious to her, yet she knew how well founded were her apprehensions, though she could not bring herself to betray her dead sister's weakness to this high-minded gentleman—not now, later, perhaps—and then she would show him the letter of entreaty and remonstrance which poor Mabel had left in her hands. Besides, God only knew what line of conduct Standish might consider it his duty to pursue, perhaps to trace home the crime to Egerton and punish him, however cruel the exposure of the shameful episode she was so anxious to hide. It was all like an exaggerated story in a "penny dreadful." Oh, at any cost she would preserve her sister's name and memory from the degrading notoriety of a criminal investigation.

It was a tremendous ordeal for so young a creature, but she nerved herself to meet it. At present it must be her task to divert suspicion from Egerton. As it was, that terrible, formidable Callander was on the real scent; she would do nothing to help him. These thoughts flashed quickly through her brain; then, trying to speak calmly, she went on:

"I must seem weak and silly to you, but I will prove I am not. You shall find me not unworthy of your goodness and friendship. I will try to be strong."

She rose and walked over to the window, through which the fatal words had come to startle with the knowledge the serenity of her youthful innocence. Then she returned, and placed her hand on her guardian's shoulder.

"You shall see what a good girl I will be; you know, I always kept my promises to you long ago."

"Yes, Dorothy, I know your heart is in the right place. Write to me often; tell me everything, and when I come back I shall find time, youth, and beneficent nature doing their healing work. Life is too precious to be expended on grief, though yours is a heart that will not soon forget. Now, my sweet little ward, will you not say good-bye to Egerton before he starts? He asked if you would not see him. He deserves so much consideration from you."

As he spoke he felt Dorothy's fingers close tightly on his shoulder. She did not answer immediately; then, speaking in a low tone, she said:

"I know it is, perhaps, unkind, but will you explain to Mr. Egerton how painful it would be to us both to meet? When the first bitterness is past I will see him—yes, and I will speak to him then! I will always try to do what you wish me, Paul."

"Thank you; you are a capital girl," said Standish, taking her hands in both his own. "I will not ask you to tax your strength too much. Go and find Mrs. M'Hugh and bring her to me. I want to know when she can pack up and start for town. The sooner you are out of this the better. I should like to escort you and Henrietta Oakeley back to town, and help you to find an abode. Mrs. M'Hugh can bring the children after. There is no reason why we should not go the day af er to-m rrow."

(To be continued.)

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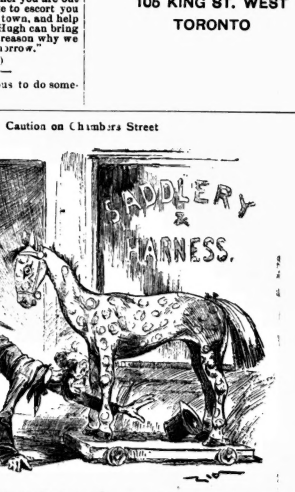

McPhagus (whose hat has blown off)—So-ho now—sh—now, sly! thats th' good horse. Whisht, now! so-ho, dar-rlin', so-ho—Oi hov it, yez devil!—*Judge.*

Miss Martha's Tramp.

"He certainly is a tramp, or a peddler! Whichever he is, I won't have him inside the gate!"

"He looks tired, Auntie!"

Miss Martha Pitcher screwed her lips up tightly, and looked at her niece and namesake with a withering expression.

"Now, Mattie," she said, severely. "I won't have it! Every time a tramp comes by, you get him milk, or bread, or something, and as for those horrid peddlers—"

Here Miss Martha's breath gave out. Little Mattie, shy, timid, blue-eyed, and pretty as a wild rose, colored a little, and then said:

"I don't think we are any poorer, Auntie, for the little we give away!"

"Well, it is yours; do as you please!"

For little Mattie was the owner of the farm and a very small income, although, as she was only seventeen, her aunt managed the household, as she had while her brother lived, and Mr. Potter, the lawyer of Arrowdale, was guardian for the small property Mattie's father had left her.

It was one of Miss Martha's peculiarities to lay down the law to Mattie very emphatically, as to the child she had brought up from a baby, and then, suddenly remembering that this child was really owner of the place, to retreat, as above described, from her position. And little Mattie, submitting in all things to her aunt's dictation, took the permission gratefully, never asserting herself as owner or mistress.

In the present instance she said, wistfully:

"Then I may give him some milk, if he asks for it?"

"Oh, he'll ask fast enough! He is opening the gate now. Gracious, Mattie, he looks like a brigand! Such a beard for a civilized country!"

It was a very handsome beard, if Miss Martha had only had the taste to admire it. The nose above it was handsome, too, so were the even, white teeth under the heavy mustache, and the large, brown eyes, half hidden by the broad, slouch hat. He was dusty, but not ragged, and his flannel shirt had the collar turned down over a loose black tie, hid ten, to be sure, under the curling, auburn beard.

Mattie, tripping lightly down the garden path to the gate, was rather startled at the tone of the high bred voice that asked:

"Can I get some luncheon here? I cannot find any tavern or hotel on the road."

"Oh, no; I mean, yes," said Mattie, blushing furiously under the gaze of the soft, brown eyes.

"I mean," she said, recovering her composure, "there is not any hotel within three miles, and you can have some luncheon with pleasure. If you can wait half an hour we can give you dinner."

For that this was no tramp Mattie saw at once, though she had seen little of gentlemen in her life, Miss Martha keeping all men, excepting the farm hands, at a respectful distance from her maiden domain.

"Thanks! I will wait with pleasure, if I may rest on your porch. I am very tired."

He stepped wearily and slowly to the porch, and sank down upon the chintz-covered, big arm chair with a sigh of relief.

"Would you like a glass of milk now?" Mattie asked.

"I should indeed, very much."

But when the milk came, in a pretty glass goblet, upon a dainty china plate, it was Jane, the servant girl, who brought it. Mattie, suddenly shy, was setting the dinner-table with clean cloth and napkins, and the best china.

"Gracious, Mattie! whatever are you doing!" cried Miss Martha, coming in the room.

"Hush, Auntie! he is a gentleman, and he is coming in to dinner."

But when dinner was daintily served, the "gentleman" was found to have fainted. Miss Martha, who reveled in sick nursing, was all energy. She got the "camphire" and smelling salts, loosened the necktie, helped Jane to carry the invalid into the large, cool parlor, and put him on the wide, old-fashioned sofa. It was a long insensibility; so long, that the women became alarmed, and sent Hiram, the cow-boy, to Arrowdale for the doctor.

Before the three-mile ride was accomplished and the doctor arrived, the uninvited guest had passed from insensibility to delirium, and the doctor pronounced the case a partial sunstroke.

For two weeks Miss Martha nursed the stranger as faithfully as if he had been of her own kin, bringing him back from the very confines of the grave. She scrupulously refrained from any curious investigation of his small hand satchel, and only searched one coat pocket till she found a letter directed to

MR. ALBERT HUTCHINSON,
Alton,
Box 35, Mich.

Mattie wrote a letter to the box, describing Mr. Albert Hutchinson's sore strait. No answer came, and then other letters were taken from the pocket and were found to be directed all over the country, always to "Mr. Albert Hutchinson," who had evidently been upon an extended summer tour. It was impossible to guess where, in all this variety of location, the home of the wanderer might be, and so Miss Martha put the letters back, saying:

"I'le dies, Mattie, I s'pose we'll have to read some of those letters to find his folks but I'm not going prying into them until I can't help myself."

But Albert Hutchinson did not die. Very slowly he won his way back to health, and in his convalescence opened a new world to Mattie. He was an artist, he told her, and he had been on a sketching tour, sending his papers by mail to his studio, in New York where a brother artist took care of them. He talked of books, of life in Switzerland, Paris, London, Vienna, Rome, till the girl felt, stirring in heart and brain, a longing so intense as to be painful, for some knowledge of this new world of art and letters, of which she had never heard.

There was nothing spoken between the two of a sentimental nature, but Mr. Hutchinson, finding this eager young intellect grasping all he put before it, talked as he had never talked before, with the keen pleasure of imparting knowledge where every word was treasured and valued.

It was a great void when he was fully recovered and went away. He paid Miss Martha liberally, with most earnest words of gratitude for her care of him, but when he was gone, Mattie would not look at the roll of greenbacks, flushing hotly as she said:

"I am sure he was poor, Aunt Martha. Put the money away. I hate it!"

But she was restless, and craved books out of her reach, opportunities to study, and the life and travel and culture that seemed far removed from her. It seemed to her only natural when a tremendous change came.

There had long been a talk at Arrowdale of coal in the vicinity, and about six months after Mr. Hutchinson's departure, experiments were made that proved Pitcher's Farm to be a great coal-bed. Mattie, who by her father's will was of age at eighteen, found herself an heiress. Her guardian, a man thoroughly honest, became her agent, and smiled approval when she proposed to sell the farm and move to New York with Aunt Martha, who was very much elated at the idea.

"I can have good teachers there for a year or two, and then I will go abroad," Mattie said, when the plan was finally adopted.

"I'll never cross the ocean," Aunt Martha declared," but no doubt you'll find company going, and I'll keep some sort of a home warm for you till you come back."

. . . . . .

"Now, my dear Algernon," Mrs. Montrose said languidly to her son, as he entered her "apartments" in Paris, "do show a little more interest in Miss Pitcher's pursuits. It was such a chance, her consenting to come abroad with me, and she is so rich."

"But," drawled Algernon, caressing his silky mustache, "she is so dreadfully energetic. She tires me to death, rushing about. I am sure she saw everything in London, and now she is 'doing' Paris at a most tremendous rate! By the way, where is she?"

"She went to a private exhibition of American artists with Mrs. Cope and Carrie. You know Carrie is quite an artist, and she knows where all the best studios and exhibitions are."

"Yes! Dear me, mother, I am deucedly glad you are not forever rushing about as girls do now-a-days. It is a complete rest to come in here, after Mattie Pitcher and Carrie Cope."

While he spoke, the two ladies named, with Mrs. Cope as chaperon, were standing in a large, well-lighted gallery, where a few paintings hung with wide spaces between them, inviting admiration or criticism.

"But Mattie," Miss Cope was saying, "the face and figure are a perfect portrait of yourself. You look different, too, more childlike. The expression is not so intellectual, but I am sure you looked just like that when you were very young! Now, mamma, isn't it like Mattie?"

"I think it is!" was the quiet reply. "No. 42. Why Carrie, it is one of Al Hutchinson's pictures. I wonder if he is in Paris!"

"Cease to wonder, Cousin Mary," said a masculine voice, close beside the group. How are you! Oh Cad! what an atrocious hat!"

"I won't be called Cad!" pouted Miss Carrie. "Yes I will, too! You may call me Cad for 'auld lang syne.' Mattie, let me introduce my cousin—sixteen times removed, my dear—Mr. Hutchinson."

But already Mattie's hand had been taken in a firm clasp, and Mr. Hutchinson was expressing his delight at meeting Miss Pitcher, and inquiring for Aunt Martha.

It was a delightful morning. They sauntered through the gallery, admiring the works of their countrymen, chatting of the old times, planning a thousand excursions, until Mrs. Cope gave a dismayed exclamation over her watch, and hurried down to her carriage.

"The Copes have really taken possession of Mattie," said Mrs. Montrose, a month later. "She is never here. It is fortunate there is no son, Algernon."

"Yes; but there is an artist fellow always with them—a cousin, or something. Willett says he is immensely rich, and paints for love of it. I don't know myself who her it is Miss Cope or Miss Pitcher that is the attraction, but he is always dangling after them."

"Oh, Algernon! how can you let such things go on! Why don't you exert yourself, and make yourself attractive to Mattie? You are the handsomest man in Paris at this minute."

"Well, the truth is, mother, Miss Mattie, seems to look upon me as about one remove from an idiot, because I cannot talk art or books or music."

Which last remark certainly proved that Algernon Montrose had not, at all events, lost his powers of penetration.

Mrs. Montrose, however, made one strenuous effort to mend matters by proposing to leave Paris at once, and proceed to Italy.

"I think," Mattie said, "that I should like to stay a month or two longer in Paris. But I need not detain you, Mrs. Montrose. Mrs Cope has most kindly invited me to join her party."

A letter crossed the ocean, not long afterward, to Miss Martha, some sentences of which may be here recorded:

"We will delay the wedding until I come home, dear Auntie, but that will be in a few weeks. It may be that Aunt Cope and I will return to Europe next year, but we are coming back to you now. He is anxious to see you, and be sure you are willing for me to carry your tramp. I never thought, when he left us, that in a strange country we should meet again, and I hear from his own lips that he loved me long ago, and was heart-broken when he went to see me at Arrowdale and found only a yawning coal pit! But it is all right now, Auntie, and I am the happiest woman in the world."

Settled His Case

Major Crust—So you refuse me, Miss Fondant?

Miss F.—I am very sorry, Major Crust, but your son has just proposed to me, and I accepted him.

Major C.—Good gracious! You don't mean to say the boy has been such an ass!

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in Clinton place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a biz fellow, with a fierce look in his eye, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but I don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I got him down along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said:

"Please, mister."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in and after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Mr. Gallerway—I didn' hear nuffin.
Miss Winkley—Sounded pow'ful lak wings.
Mr. Gallerway—'Spec's hit must'e been Cupid.—*Judge.*

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Music.

The Carnival has come and gone. The Carnival has been blessed by some, and has been ——, well, not blessed by others. However, with the Carnival in its general aspect I have nothing to do. Regarding its musical aspect I have a few words to say. First of all the bands played surprisingly well. It will by-and-bye dawn on the citizens that we have in Toronto several bands of which we may well be proud. On Jarvis street, on that memorable evening when we saw the lanterns but not the lights, the bands were placed at a great disadvantage owing to the lack of foresight, almost Gothic in its barbarism, which decreed that they should be placed off the street, and consequently in the dark, where some of them could see neither music nor bandmaster. This was a mistake that common care should have made impossible. In spite of this the playing of the Grenadiers, Claxton's and Heintzman's bands was most enjoyable. In the procession on the following day, the same bands with the Queen's Own, the 14th and the 15th—the latter especially—reflected credit upon their supporters and upon the public spirit which enables our city bands to play often in public places to stimulate them to regular and systematic practice. Not the least satisfactory reflection concerning the marching music was caused by the fact that the Maple Leaf was to be heard everywhere.

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At the Exhibition Park on the same day, I was glad to see the universal public interest shown in the singing of the Public School children in the main building. The place was crowded to such an extent that circulation was almost impossible, and every effort of the youngsters was applauded to the echo, even by the squad of young officers who surprised Mr. Cringan by their unanimous "Thank you, sir" in one motion and three numbers. Mr. Cringan's knowledge of the repertoire of children's songs is so extensive that there is probably no one in the country who could have prepared a programme of better variety or better adapted to the capabilities of such a chorus. The songs presented were sprightly and gay, juvenile and patriotic, tuneful enough to please every listener, with yet enough of musical value to satisfy those who are always saying that popular music is going to what Mr. Mantalini so graphically described as the "demmition bow-wows." They possessed the further recommendation that the inculcation of a Canadian spirit was not forgotten, and that the names of Messrs. Muir and Cringan, resident Canadians and teachers in our schools, appeared on the list of composers. Mr. Cringan had his forces well in hand, and the children sang with rare precision and crispness, and with a spirit and enthusiasm which might well be imitated by their elders. Their voices were sweet and fresh, and the charm which always attends the singing of a mass of children was there. Occasionally a fault in tonal productions asserted itself, the change of register not having been sufficiently impressed upon the young choristers. However, it must be remembered that four weeks is a very short time in which to prepare such an entertainment, and all credit is due to Mr. Cringan and the teachers who assisted him for the excellent work shown after so short a preparation.

•

Fiscal reasons were the lion in the path which prevented a large choral and orchestral demonstration at the Toronto carnival, but it was not so all over Ontario. Thriving Berlin with its eight thousand souls also had a summer carnival, which I had the good fortune to attend. It was there that the music was dealt out with a generous and unstinted hand. For two days bands played all over the place at all hours. To such an extent was this liberality carried out that on the last evening, when one of the natural products of Waterloo County had begun to assert its sway, the result of which I popularly supposed to attend worship at its shrine and to cause double eye-sight, had the still more curious effect of causing double, treble, aye quadruple ear-sight, and where one band had been, there were now four or five, composed of fragments of the original body, each fragment playing on its own account with the help of whatever volunteer element lay handy. Guitars, banjos, zithers, mandolins, pan pipes, and what not else of the musical species were the centers around which these musical fragments gyrated, and some of the most original musical combinations it has ever been my good fortune to hear were playing at all corners and in all temples of Gambrinus. The effect cannot be imagined. It must be heard, and yet the love of music and respect for musical unities, inherent in all Germans, kept these ebullitions from being unpleasant. When these sounds, wafted from all quarters, were combined with the strains of a *lustiges Burschenlied* or *Trinklied* or the more serious *chor*, sung by a hundred willing and enthused throats in some neighboring club-room, the fact asserted itself that here was a real carnival of music. Night made no difference; time was annihilated, and the fun lasted until daylight.

•

The more serious side of music was not forgotten amid all these diversions, and on the 2nd at a matinee an excellent performance of Snow-White, a children's cantata, was given under the direction of Mr. Theodore Zoellner, the principal local musician. The children sang excellently, the seven dwarfs being really original comedians. The title role was well sung and acted by Miss Bella Stevenson; the Queen was excellently rendered by Miss L. Fischer, and a careful and artistic representation of the Prince was given by Mr. James Johnson of Hamilton, with Mr. E. W. Schuch as the Huntsman. Mr. Zoellner is a man of energy and resources, and did not confine his efforts to this performance, which was but the prelude to more important events. He has an excellent choral society, which has been working on the classics for some eight years, and which at a concert on the same evening mustered some two hundred and thirty voices. They sang the Inflammatus, the solo being very efficiently sung by Mrs. Clemens, and the Festmarsch from Tannhæuser. Their singing was spirited and correct, and they showed excellent training and musical capabilities.

•

Mr. Zoellner on this occasion gratified his heart's wish, and had a full orchestra of nearly seventy pieces, some forty odd of them being local performers, mostly his own pupils. They had only one combined rehearsal, and though occasional weak spots were visible, their work was really remarkably good. They gave a very fine rendering of the Poet and Peasant overture, and of a selection from Weber's Preciosa. Miss Lillian Littlehales played a violin solo—the andante and rondo from Kreutzer's second concerto. She has a good even tone, reliable technique and artistic feeling. Her performance was heartily received, as was Mr. Franz Wagner, cello solo, the Goltemann andante and Popper gavotte. Male choruses, excellently rendered, and a song by Mr. Schuch completed the programme. I have given so much space to an out-of-town concert to show that what was considered impossible in metropolitan Toronto was made a success in provincial Berlin.

•

Mr. H. M. Field will spend another year or so in England and on the Continent, leaving here the second week in August. His departure will be a loss to both the teaching and executive force of our pianists. Mr. Field has not been heard often enough here to have been appreciated at his true value as a solo performer; but his merits as a teacher of the piano have found ready recognition.

•

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, having tendered his resignation of the conductorship of the Toronto Vocal Society, the executive committee have very reluctantly accepted it.

•

By the Boston *Advertiser* I see that Miss Mary Irene Gurney of this city took part in the closing concert of the New England Conservatory in that city. That journal says that though at a graduation concert one may not apply the standard of professional worth, yet in many cases even this standard could be successfully sustained by many of the *debutantes*, this being notably the case with Miss Gurney, whose expressive playing of Schumann's Nocturne showed the possession of an artistic temperament, and the execution of McDowell's Witches' Dance showed that the technical side of musical work had by no means been neglected. It is to be hoped that Miss Gurney may be heard in concert here when the season opens again. METRONOME.

DEAR METRONOME,—Will you kindly permit me to correct an error which appeared in your columns last week, relative to the recent examinations of the College of Organists (Canada).

Only two candidates obtained more than ninety per cent. of the maximum of marks obtainable in the combined papers submitted to them, the other five who proved successful obtaining respectively a percentage of 89½, 88½, 81½, 78½ and 78, the percentage necessary to pass being 75.

Sincerely yours,

A. S. VOGT,

349 Jarvis street. Sec.-Treas. C. O. (Canada).

The Drama.

In one of his masterly essays in the *Theater* magazine Nym Crynkle thus discusses the standing of Shakespeare on the stage of to-day: The theater in our day materializes Shakespeare, and in doing so vulgarizes him. Intellectual good taste outside of the theater spiritualizes him. It is searching for his daintiest meaning, his most subtle suggestion, not for his decorative possibilities. It hears in all the storm and stress of passion, the morning madrigals that blew through Lucrece, and Venus and Adonis; blithe laughter of maidens when the world was young; sad, mysterious strophes of elemental hearts that were near to the breast of nature. It does not care for the archæology of Macbeth's Castle, but sees Duncan's doomed party halted while Banquo talks about "the temple haunting martlet," and it listens in rapt wonder not to the Venetian law that no judge ever heard of, but to Portia's poetic tribute to the "quality of Mercy" that neither she nor the judges knew anything about.

When you find that the theater does not even attempt to preserve the *esse* of Shakespeare, but gives itself to the enlargement and enhancement of the mere circumstances; when you consider that all other arts than the histrionic move in the direction of finer truths, deeper significances, subtler emotions, away from the material to the incorporeal—from, let me say, the *mise en scene* of Paradise Lost, to the tenuity of Sordello; from the physical beauty of Greek form to the Christian renaissance of spiritual meaning; when you reflect that all culture is striving year by year to shake off the trammels of rude manifestation and material symbolism and get nearer to the thought and the emotion without the intervention of gesture, or speech, or emblem; and then remember that the stage in dealing with its own master, day by day loads him with more and more of its own trinkets, obscures him with more glare, drowns him with more trumpets, belittles him with more paint laid on, you will ask yourself if in the dilemma of trying to make the show of one era fit another, it is not violating the spirit of the present with the materialism of the present.

You will, at all events, conclude that so far the theater of to-day has found no other means of adjusting the dramatic spectacles of Shakespeare to our age than is furnished in the material wealth and mechanical dexterity of the present time.

You must not forget that during the enlargement of theatrical facilities to materialize Shakespeare, he has been growing outside of the theater, mythward, and the world has been insensibly creating a subjective and abstract idolatry for him. And whenever time has idealized a personality or a work, attempts to represent the personality or the work objectively disturb our reverential fantasy. So you will hear, every time that Shakespeare is "revived," vague complaints that the revival is not poetic. In other words, the machinery does not agree with our pet vision.

Does any one suppose that the theater will ever be able to re-awaken in the public the interest in Shakespeare's work that attended its earlier productions?

Let the manager make the experiment with nothing but the intrinsic merit of the work to depend upon. He will tell you that the intrinsic Shakespeare "spells failure." You must make a contemporaneous event of him with a notorious actor or an affluent backer.

The newspaper answer to this is invariably the same.

"Shakespeare a failure? Nonsense! Look at Salvini, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Modjeska, Mary Anderson, and Henry Irving."

The great iniquity is that the public do look at them and go to look at nothing else—unless it be the managers' extravagance.

No one who knows anything at all of the working of the theatrical system makes the mistake of supposing that Mary Anderson's or Irving's success is the success of Shakespeare. Miss Anderson's last exploit here was a success of individualism in a corypheae interpolation, and the intelligent American public decided that it would rather see Irving as Matthias or Louis XI. than as Benvolio or Benedick.

Men whose business it is to feel the public pulse declare that tragedy is dead. We have invented Melodrama—upon which to step down from that artificial height, and we are now fashioning Comedy Drama as the next descent.

The stage itself reflects the public contempt for the old heroic forms in its self-inflicted irony. In half a score of contemporaneous plays we shall find somebody answering to the "crushed tragedian," who is only an exaggerated type of the serious player of yesterday, and who has only to mouth and declaim, and assume the antic air, and strut in high stepping pace to become instantly ridiculous. This personage is always crushed. By what. Simply by the indifference of the age in which he superfluously lags.

It will not quite do to say that the stage is only burlesquing a method and not an idea, in this humor. For the two are indissolubly connected. If you would see the attempt made to separate them, you may look at Mr. Mansfield's Richard III., where, under the latter day influence, he has colloquialized Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's tragedies are nothing if not declamatory. You cannot very well prattle stupendous passions, or babble about breaking hearts. If you set Othello to chit-chat, or lower Marc Antony to an after-dinner harangue, you are simply putting the gods in dress coats.

It is worth while at this point to suggest that Shakespeare's tragedies are not only declamatory, they are cruel, and you may ask yourself with some profit, if you have scanned the historic page carefully, if man in our day is as eager to contemplate cruelty as he was in that era when every kitchen maid would beg for a holiday to see a burning.

The shriek of the Greek Eumenides is sharp in these Shakespearean tragedies. But in the audience there is the quiet defiance of a Christian personality that regards human destiny as depending on human choice and not on the caprice of the gods.

Power of Woman's Intuition.

The intellectual quality in which woman is strongest is, undoubtedly, the intellectual quality nearest allied to the emotions; namely, intuition. And this is also the quality most peculiarly present in those high and exceptionally valuable individual organisms that we call geniuses. The genius is akin to the woman in this, that what he guesses and jumps at is almost more important than what he deliberately reasons and sees. His very differentia as a genius, indeed, is most often this: that he clears at a bound what other men would take long marches to get over. Laplace is reported at a bound to have obviated intervening steps which genius of a somewhat less exalted type could only slowly and cautiously creep over. That is exactly what we call intuition—the power of seeing implications, one knows not how. And it is this sort of intuition, coupled of course with high masculine qualities—knowledge, application, logical power, hard work—that gives us the masterpieces of the world's progress; that gives us steam engines and locomotives, telegraphs and telephones, Hamlets and Richard Feverels, Newton's Principia, and Spencer's First Principles. Whence does humanity derive this extremely important and especially progressive gift? To a large extent, I believe, from its feminine half. The most averagely masculine men are not remarkable in any way for intuition. On the contrary, the common male way of going about anything—the safe, ordinary, business-like way—is the way of direct observation and strict reasoning, the matter-of-fact way, the way that proceeds wholly upon known methods, a step at a time, and arrives at comparatively familiar results. It is as far removed as possible from the feminine intuitive way—an unsafe, precarious, unsatisfactory way, when illemployed in incompetent hands; but a fruitful and sometimes almost miraculous way, when guided by competent knowledge, balanced judgment, logical ability, and critical acumen. And why have women this gift of intuition at all? Well, its origins are not single or simple; they go down a long way into the past of our species, and depend upon many converging factors. In the first place, woman's intuition is a variety of instinct; and instinct is the common endowment of all animals possessing nervous systems at all. From a certain point of view, we may regard it as a survival in humanity—a partially one-sided survival, affecting chiefly a single sex, though extending in its outlying modes to a portion of the other. Intuition in women is the instinctive, immediate, and unreasoned apprehension of certain implications of the facts presented. But it is not necessarily unreasoning because unreasoned, any more than the born mathematician's faculty is unreasoning because it proceeds by great bounds where slower thinkers in that particular direction proceed by cautious steps and inferences. On the contrary, intuition, when you can get it, is better than reasoning. Nor is it perforce low because woman shares it with the lower animals: on the contrary, it is rather a noble, common endowment that man, as male, has largely lost through the gradual evolution, training, and discipline of his logical faculties. It is well known that counting boys, if they learn the accepted arithmetical methods, lose thereby their extraordinary natural and instinctive power of arriving at the solution of problems intuitively. In the same way, man, the male sex of humanity, in acquiring his high intellectual development, has lost to a great extent his instinctive intuition. The second main root, I take it, is to be looked for in the domestic affections. Woman leads, and has always led, an almost wholly social life. Hence this prime endowment, dwarfed and shrivelled in man, has expanded in her with constant use and exercise. Man has specialized himself on logical intelligence and practical handicraft; woman has specialized herself upon the emotions and intuitions, the home and the family. To say this is no more to belittle woman, than saying that a man is a sculptor or a poet, is putting him on a lower rank than a manufacturer or an engineer. Furthermore, I believe that in the highest minds a certain intermixture of this feminine element of intuition with the masculine element of pure reason is always present. Great wits jump; that is to say, they are essentially intuitive. They see at a glance what plodders take years and years to arrive at. There is in all genius, however virile, a certain undercurrent of the best feminine characteristics. I am thinking now, not merely of the Raphaels, the Shelleys and the Mendelssohns, but also even of the Newtons, the Gladstones and the Edisons. They have in them something of the womanly, though not of the womanish. In one word, the man of genius is comprehensively human. As he always results from a convergence of many fine stocks upon a single point, so also, it seems to me, he often results from a union or convergence of male and female qualities.—*Grant Allen in the Forum.*

On Love.

It is generally understood that, next to cupidity and the baseball passion, love, the reciprocal affection of man and woman, is the strongest emotion of the human mind. Ambition, pride, selfishness and a dozen other attributes of the said mind take a back seat in the gallery when love walks down the center aisle of the parquet. This being granted, is it not singular, even lamentable, that no effort is made to train this beautiful sensibility of the soul? A man's hand is trained to bring the greatest possible revenue, a fair or foul wind and cat-gut called a violin, and yet no attention is paid to the education of that hand in the gentle art of pressing the like member of some beautiful specimen of the weaker sex. The eye of the young girl is trained at Vassar and similar colleges so accurately that she can tell an oil painting from a water color at an incredible distance, but those same eyes are seldom able to draw a man's heart right through his rigid shirt bosom and imported broadcloth coat, as they could if they were properly trained. Indeed I am convinced that the human race is suffering from a dearth of love. In the old days of chivalry men spent their entire lives in the service of their mistresses. The ladies on their part would not stoop to anything less poetic than fashioning a spangled scarf to wear into the helmet of their gallant. To-day the degenerate male sits all day shirt sleeved in his office and loafs around a club or a saloon at night with a stub of a cigar between his teeth. The equally degenerate female dusts the house in the morning with her hair tied up in a coat off veil, and devotes the remainder of the day to planning a new dress and the evening to scheming how to get money enough from her husband to pay for it. There was when lovers spent whole nights serenading their sweethearts from the shadow of a tree adjacent to the loved one's window, or if there was no tree there was a convenient wall at least. The loved one often let down a clothes line, pulled up a rope ladder, and catching the swain by his long poetic hair helped him mount to her window, where they would spend delightful hours arguing whether it was a nightingale or a lark that was kicking up such an unholy racket in the moonlit grove and interspersing the whispered conversation with Ella Wheeler Wilcox kisses. He would compliment her on her voice, which would assure him that he was so handsome that a cannibal would think twice before eating him. To-day the uncducated, unpoetic, glass-eyed boor takes his girl to the theater with a little money, and as he would take a friend's umbrella on a rainy day. He even ascends to her room in the commonplace elevator of a flat or a hotel instead of the possible and appropriate rope ladder. On the way home he buys her some icecream, if he can't get out of it, and perhaps in a prosaic street car, says without a spark of emotion "Let's marry," and they do. If a pair of lovers in the olden days were thwarted in their holy motions, they sought some convenient tomb and committed mutual *felo de se*. To-day under the same circumstances the lover merely says, "Sayonara, Sary, send back them presents," and they forget each other in a week.

Loveless humanity is receding instead of approaching the ideal of the poets. "Would that more men loved more women and vice versa. Would that the lowly maid in the kitchen might be beloved by the master in the library, without necessitating the usual disagreeable domestic complications. Would that the millionaire might love his pretty typewriter girl, without necessitating a breach of promise suit. Would that the ancient spinsters who monopolize all the available seats in our ball rooms might find lovers, and consequently husbands wives. In fact, would that all mankind spoke in amatory blank verse.

How cheerful the world would be if instead of passing a thousand pretty girls on the street without a word one could kiss every one of them.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

No Give Up to the St. Paul People.

"So you have eighteen children. And you used to insist that a small family was the proper thing."

"Yes, I did think so until I moved to St. Paul and heard the arrogant boasts of Minneapolis folks about her population. But say, we're going to down that town yet."

Two of 'Em in Circulation.

Servant Girl (to master of the house)—Go away and quit hugging me. I heard you tell your wife last night that she was all the world to you.

Master of the House—So she is, Katie; but you know there are two worlds—the old world and the new world.

Au Revoir.

For Saturday Night.

We meet; we part; thus runs away
Our thread of life from day to day—
Runs fast unto the end;
No sigh Time's ceaseless move can check,
No laugh can stay grim Future's beck—
Onward our footsteps trend.

Friends do we make—alas, how slow!
Yet lose them fast—swift, swift they go
Like shadows o'er the mead
When fleecy clouds before the sun
A moment pass, and then are gone—
Thus are they lost indeed.

'Tis but a few swift-passing hours
Since, like the perfume of sweet flowers,
You came into our home;
And yet fond hope the parting lends
A joy, that whispers we are friends
Though far apart we roam.

And must we sadly say "Good-bye,"
No more to meet, but hopeless sigh
For days that ne'er return;
Nor friendship's pledge again renew;
As of the lost to think of you
Til I mem'ry's lamp out-burn?

Ah no! "good-bye" we shall not say;
Somewhere on life's dust laden way
We'll surely meet once more;
With "*au revoir*," then, part we here;
Now seems the parting not so drear,
Our hearts, too, not so sore.

Speak we of hearts, who have not one?
Whose hearts forever now are gone—
Gone in a too brief day
That, ere its vesper shadows fall,
If speaking truth, this truth could tell;
You stole our hearts away.

May 24. W.

Naughty Little Dan.

For Saturday Night.

Dear little Dan Cupid was weary and warm,
His cheeks were two roses of red,
And pink dimpled fingers were threading in thought
The little damp curls on his head.

He had toddled all day in the sun and the heat,
His quiver and arrows held fast,
And now he had flung himself down on the grass,
To think of the day that was past.

"There's Bertha," he said, "she is pining away,
For love of that rascally Ned;
And Tom adores Bertha, and Ned loves Katie,
It bothers my poor little head.

"I'll speak low to Bertha in praise of poor Tom,
The plain truth Miss Katie shall hear;
I'll argue with Ned, and I'll call aside Tom,
To put a big bee in his ear.

"I'll smooth out the tangles and set things all right,
They'll be happy, I mind-eased, and then,
Real early to-morrow, all rested and cool,
I'll hurry off shooting again."

The little head drooped on the moss-covered ground,
White lids the bright eyes closed o'er,
And little Dan Cupid in slumber's sweet arms,
Was safe out of mischief once more.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

Reflection

For Saturday Night

Blow soft, thou breeze! at dawn's first note,
When night shades closely gather,
Blow, winds that tremble,
Scents that resemble
Those that around my true love float.

Shine out, ye stars! your lamps renew,
Your brightest fires enkindle.
Shine stars, reflecting
Bright eyes, selecting
Those of my love, so kind, so true.

Open, thou rose! your beauties spread,
The sun's warm rays may bathe thee,
Blushes unstinting
Mem'ry imprinting,
Equal her cheeks thy softest red. L. A. D.

A Story.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. REID'S PICTURE.)

For Saturday Night.

The sky has darkened and the bluff winds blow,
Freezing the blossoms, like ill-seasoned snow,
Old Mother Earth, with bosom parched and dry;
The thunder wavering rolls across the sky,
Then gaining confidence, with louder sound,
And ending with a crash that shakes the ground.
Out in the meadow, Polly with alarm
Her filly leads beneath the neighbor's barn,
The boys that wanton spent their holiday
Are driven for shelter 'mong the last year's hay.

But, long ere Time has registered an hour,
The clouds reluctant cease their grateful show'r
And in the East sweet iris hangs her bow,
While Phœbus, shining out again, doth show
Belated rain-drops, falling here and there
Like liquid diamonds, sparkling bright and fair.
Rejoicing Nature's vegetation longs
To join exultant in the birds' shrill songs;
Only the boys, that to young Æsop's tale
List breathless, Phœbus woos without avail.

H. W. C.

What Is It To Die?

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis over.

SAMUEL GARTH.

. . . . . .

But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach—tells thee I come!
And, slow however my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

BISHOP HENRY KING.

. . . . . .

Man has his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity;
While other animals inactive range,
And, of their doings God takes no account.

MILTON.

. . . . . .

Once through a lone old churchyard passing,
Pondering o'er many a grave once dear,
I sorrowfully paused while thinking:
What hopes have once been buried here!

Just then a lonely bird uspringing,
With song so soft I was all ear,
Appeared to whisper through its singing:
What agony has found rest here!

M. A. M.

Noted People.

Miss Kate Marsden has been awarded the insignia of the Russian Red Cross by the Empress at Gatschina. She is one of the five English sisters who went to nurse the Russian sick and wounded in Bulgaria.

Mrs. Rider Haggard, at the last "drawing-room," attracted much attention by her beautiful dress of gray and white satin, trimmed with butterflies of gold, a huge butterfly forming the front of the bodice. Her petticoat was gold brocade. There was so much that was novel in her costume that possibly her husband made it.

George Westinghouse does not put on the air brakes in the matter of expenditures on his new cottage at Lenox, Mass. The cottage is being built entirely of marble, and already over $500,000 has been expended on the property. A large marble building is now being erected in which the electric light plant will be housed. Eighty men are kept constantly employed.

The Duke of Edinburgh, it seems, has waxed fat on board ship. He has grown a beard, as sailor men do, and the consequence is that he is very much like the Prince of Wales, but much darker and a little taller. He speaks well, and has a pleasant voice, and enunciates very distinctly, rolling the letter "R" after the manner of a man accustomed to speak in other languages than English. The duke wears a thick gold bangle on his left wrist, fastened with a gold lock.

The little King of Spain has been relieved from the attendance of his nurse when he holds levees. He sits on the throne, with his mother on a chair beside him, and he has been taught to bow gravely when dignitaries come up to do him homage. Occasionally infantine nature gets the upper hand, as happened the other day, when the Archbishop of Toledo paid his respects. Pointing with his forefinger at the prelate, who is not exactly good-looking, his little Majesty exclaimed, amid general consternation: "Mamma, ugly man."

The Duchess of Fife is an accomplished butter-maker. Therefore it is now the fashion for young English ladies, whose fathers own dairy farms, to learn butter-making, and, if possible, to obtain a prize at some country fair, and sell the butter at a very high price. Neither the Duchess nor her sisters have been allowed to have their ears pierced; and it is said to be due to this fact that ear-rings are almost entirely out of style in England, except on occasions of some great "function" like a drawing-room, when family jewels must be displayed.

The Queen is in the habit of keeping rooms which have been occupied by deceased relatives locked up. The apartments at Claremont, in which the Princess Charlotte died more than seventy years ago, are closed, and nobody is allowed to use them. Prince Albert's apartments at Windsor are. On the wall of the room in which he died there is a tablet, with an inscription recording the fact that "this apartment was the scene of his demise." John Brown's rooms at Windsor have also been closed since his death, and marked with a large brass sign, with an inscription commemorating his virtues and deploring his loss.

A pretty story is told of Mrs. Cleveland by a French lady, her former teacher. When Miss Folsom arrived in New York on her way to be married, her old friend took her a bunch of white roses, and said to her: *"Ciel! quel honneur pour vous, Frankie! Le President! le President!"* To which the young girl answered, her soft eyes shining and a warm color in her cheeks: *"Ah non, madame, ce n'est pas le President! C'est un honnete homme! C'est un homme que cet homme la!"* And she carried the white roses in her hand all the way to Washington.

When the unknown Daudet, now Daudet the rich and famous, first came up to Paris from Lyons, he was so poor that he wore a pair of rubber boots without slippers or stockings under them, and a ragged suit of summer clothes, while he made his entire journey in a freight car, eating nothing for two days to save expense. By chance the empress saw a copy of his poems, and directed the Duc de Morny to send for him. With the greatest difficulty the poor fellow persuaded a tailor to trust him for a suit of clothes in which he might answer the duke's summons to the Tuileries. But when De Morny offered him a secretaryship with a salary of five thousand francs, his hardships were over forever.

Although Cardinal Newman is now in his ninetieth year, he attended Mass at Edgbaston Oratory on Whit Monday, the feast of St. Philip Neri. His eminence feels the weight of years, however, and he could only walk with the assistance of a priest on either side of him. When ascending the altar steps, he had to pause several times, leaning upon his assistants, and his trembling hand hardly served him to impart his blessing to the congregation. The face of the great Cardinal—that wonderfully mobile, thoughtful dreamy face—still preserves its beauty of expression. Still, for a man in his ninetieth year, his Eminence made his voice very clearly heard in the closing benediction, which he gave from the center of the chancel.

The Countess Tolstoi has lately visited London as a delegate to the Liberal Women's Federation. She is a beautiful and accomplished woman, and, unlike her husband, is extremely fond of society. She gives up her preference, however, and is the novelist's private secretary, making type-written copies of his prohibited stories, and circulating them through the mails whenever possible. There are nine children, of whom the eldest, a very attractive girl of eighteen, is her father's most enthusiastic disciple, denying herself all indulgences, wearing the cheapest clothing, and attempting in all things to live as did the primitive Christians. All the family speak English, French and Russian, and most of them are musicians.

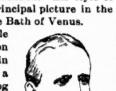
Mr. James Gordon Bennett and a party of American friends have been to Cettinje, where they were sumptuously entertained by Prince Nicolaus and Princess Milena. After a parade of the prince's militia, held in honor of the American guests, the princely couple of Montenegro, with their family and Prince Karageorgevitch, accepted an invitation to a ball hastily arranged on board of Mr. Bennett's yacht, which was illuminated by electricity, and the company remained together in an animated frame of mind until dawn. On parting, the prince conferred upon Mr. Bennett the Order of Danilo, whatever that may be worth to Mr. Bennett, who does not bother his head much about orders. When an American has a handsome yacht and £50,000 a year, he entertains a democratic disregard for decorations.

Famous British Artists.

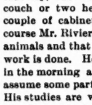
Although the art schools of Paris seem to be the point towards which nearly all American and Canadian artists are looking, there is nevertheless a deep interest taken here in the movements and exhibitions of the conservative old English Royal Academy. While it may lack the dash and glamour characteristic of French art, so captivating to a young student, it possesses qualities of thoroughness of training and patient mastery of principles which is not likely to be characteristic of anything French. Some of its members of former times have, through their works, passed into history, and it will be interesting to everyone to know something of those who are following in their tracks. These portraits are reproduced from the *Pall Mall Budget*. The president, Sir Frederick Leighton, is one of the most conscientious and hard working men in the Academy. His studies for his subjects are marvels of thorough work and preparation. It is said that he paints all his draped figures nude and finishes them up in every particular before he puts in his draperies. He has a glass-roofed studio which he uses in foggy weather and his house is said to be throughout one of the most beautiful and artistic in London. His style of work is classical. His principal picture in the Academy this year is The Bath of Venus.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P. R. A.

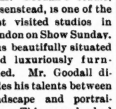
Mr. Briton Riviere's sole picture in the exhibition this year is entitled Rus in Urbe. It represents a country lad and his dog sitting in a city door-step gazing with wonder-filled eyes at the incessant tumult of the streets. Mr. Riviere makes a specialty of animal painting. His studio is a large room, square and lofty, one end of it hung with tapestry, the floor highly polished, with a couch or two here and there, a platform, a couple of cabinets and many portfolios. Of course Mr. Riviere goes to the Zoo for his wild animals and that is where much of his hard work is done. He gets to the Gardens at eight in the morning and waits for the animals to assume some particular pose such as he desires. His studies are wonderfully graphic charcoal sketches, which he records with almost the rapidity of a camera.


BRITON RIVIERE, R. A.

Mr. Goodall's studio, Rosenstead, is one of the best visited studios in London on Show Sunday. It is beautifully situated and luxuriously furnished. Mr. Goodall divides his talents between landscape and portraiture. This year he had on view a large landscape representing Windsor and the Valley of the Thames and also a striking portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore, the venerable philanthropist.


FREDK. GOODALL, R.A.

Mr. E. Onslow Ford is a sculptor of considerable note. His latest and most popular work is a bronze heroic statue of General Gordon riding a camel. This statue is for the Royal Engineers, and is placed in front of their Institute at Chatham, facing the Crimean Arch. Mr. Ford worked for two summers on his camel, for which he found an excellent model at the Zoo. The animal was a Soudan camel similar to those used in the Egyptian campaign.


E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.

Mr. W. Logsdall works in the Primrose Hill studios. His picture this year is one which has attracted a great deal of attention. It is of the Lord Mayor's Show, just after it has started from the Mansion House. Walking out of the picture towards the spectator are the three footmen who precede the Lord Mayor's carriage, gorgeous in coats of blue and gold, white breeches and pink silk stockings. Behind is the historic coach, begilded, and after that the hussars and the rest of the procession. This painting will have a historical value.

W. LOGSDAIL.

The pre-eminent success of Mr. Boehm's work has earned him a title. He does not seem particularly impressed with a sense of his dignity, however, for at the entrance to his delightful studio at Fulham road, a shabby little black signboard explains still that this is "Mr. J. E. Boehm's studio." Boehm is the most eminent sculptor in England. He did not exhibit any large work at the Academy this year. He does not believe in hurrying a work of art for the sake of exhibiting it a year sooner. Sir Edgar can evidently afford to wait. He is to execute a colossal statue of the Marquis of Dufferin, for Calcutta.

SIR J. E. BOEHM, R.A.

Another rising young sculptor is Mr. Hamo Thornycraft. His contribution to the Royal Academy's exhibition this year was a beautiful bas-relief entitled The Mirror. It represented the nude figure of a mother and child. The mother, sitting on what appears to be a heavy, old-world oak chair, leans forward over the sturdy infant playing on her knees, and holds up a small hand mirror. Mr. Thornycraft designed a monument of Gordon, for Trafalgar square.

HAMO THORNYCRAFT, R.A.

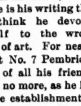
For the past few years the public has looked to Frank Dicksee to provide one of the pictures of the year, and he has seldom failed to realize the public anticipation. He works in a queerly-built cottage studio, standing quaintly crosswise to the street, hard by the waterworks at Campden Hill. This year it was thought by many that he surpassed any of his former efforts in his great picture, The Redemption of Tannhæuser.

FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

There are few persons who keep abreast of the times in art or literature who have not become familiar with the name of W. P. Frith. He has become famous with both the brush and the pen, and although his life has been spent as an artist, so admirable is his writing that some think he devoted himself to the wrong branch of art. For nearly forty years his residence at No. 7 Pembridge villas was the rendezvous of all his friends. Now Bayswater knows him no more, as he has migrated to a more suitable establishment in the suburbs in quest of light and air. He now lives in the picturesque district of Lordship-lane, where he has a large class. His only picture this year was a portrait.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Mr. Luke Fildes is one of the most celebrated of English portrait painters, though he does not confine himself strictly to that line, as indeed few English painters do. He has one of the finest studios in London. An apartment of noble proportions, it is embellished without being over decorated. It is a working room, yet not untidy, furnished with an admirable taste which betrays the artistic judgment and eye at every turn. Mr. Fildes usually exhibits a number of excellent portraits. No one is a better judge or more severe critic of his work than himself. He occasionally paints charming and tender studies of Venetian and Italian life.


LUKE FILDES, R. A.

The doorway of Mr. Seymour Lucas' house is a work of art. It is one of the finest specimens of Queen Anne domestic architecture in London, and will probably find its way into one of his pictures before long. Mr. Lucas is one of the most promising young men now before the British public. Those who have seen the play entitled Louis XI. will probably remember the old king's encounter with the peasants. This characteristic of the crafty old monarch Mr. Lucas took for the subject of his picture in the Academy this year. The dress and furniture of this painting were obtained at some difficulty from a unique illuminated MS. in the British Museum and are as authentic as it was possible to make them.

SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

Mr. Wyllie has gained his laurels as a painter of the restless sea and the ships that sail thereon. He can box the compass with any tar, knows the rig of every ship that ploughs the ocean, and is said to prefer salt junk and ship's biscuit to an Academy dinner. The subject of his picture this year was Davy Jones' Locker, one eminently characteristic of the artist. Mr. Wyllie's Locker is said to be like a pretty garden with its strange and beautiful growths of submarine vegetation. It has its tragic side, too, in the skulls and bones of some unfortunate mariners, while beside them is a great red-rusted anchor, overgrown with seaweed. Mr. Wyllie went to the bottom of Loch Fyne several times in a diving equipment to study his subject.

W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

People on this side of the water have become more or less familiar with the name of Mr. Boughton through the medium of *Harper's Magazine* in which his black and white work frequently appears. Mr. Boughton hails from Norfolk, England, and emigrated when young to America. His first essay at art was out of doors in winter and this seems to have given him a predilection for snow pictures. He is a lover of old books and is a great collector of old dresses and fabrics which he delights in painting. He is one of the best, if not the best, exponent of early Puritan life in New England, from which he takes the subjects of most of his pictures. His Priscillas are as quaintly pretty as one could desire.

G. H. BOUGHTON, A. R. A.

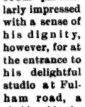
Mr. Davis lives in the house in St. John's Wood road, which Landseer has made historic. It is very big and very roomy, and is almost surrounded by one of those large gardens which do not often accompany a London house. But Mr. Davis prefers the pleasures of the country to the sombre skies of the metropolis, and spends most of his time on the banks of the Wye. There he paints or fishes as the spirit moves him. It will be readily surmised, then, that such a lover of Nature will necessarily employ his brush in her worship. He is a landscape and animal painter of considerable note, thoroughly enthusiastic in his art. As an example of his assiduity, he has been known to follow sheep and cattle for hours, brush in hand, just to catch the action of a muscle.

H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

Another painter of the sea is Mr. J. C. Hook. He lives at Farnham in Surrey and has all the advantages for his particular line of study close to his hand. His painting is always fresh and vigorous and excellent in coloring. This is perhaps due to the fact that he does all his work out of doors, figures and all. He does not work from memory and is of the opinion that a short memory produces better pictures than a long one.

J. C. HOOK, R.A.

Mr. Orchardson's is one of those almost ideal workshops which most of the eminent English artists have created for themselves. Pieces of old tapestry adorn part of the walls of the large and airy room. Pictures, large and small, stand about on large easels. Flowers, gracefully arranged, stand on the writ-ing desk in front of a heavy curtain, which shuts off one side of the studio, and books and papers on the tables show that literary and artistic tastes go hand-in-hand. Mr. Orchardson's only picture in the academy this year was a portrait group.


W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R. A.

The name of Mr. Poynter is another familiar one in the English art world. His studio, in Fulham road, is a large airy room lit by a great window high in the wall. His picture for this year is his famous Queen of Sheba visiting King Solomon, at which he has been engaged for several years. It is a large work, essentially academic with an extraordinary elaborateness in the accessories and in the whole composition. The two chief figures fill but a small part of the great canvas. There are guards, Ethiopians, harp-players, gift bearers and every property proper to the magnificence of "Solomon in all his glory." There are almost a hundred figures in all and every particular in the picture is worked out with the most scrupulous exactness, while the style shows the perfect mastery of the painter over his work. It is one of the great pictures of the year.

E. J. POYNTER, R. A.

Natural History of Champagne.

Mr. Henry Vizetelly has just issued a new and greatly enlarged edition of his book, Facts about Champagne, which seems to tell everything that is worth knowing about the history and mystery of what Thackeray called, "the wine of the world."

It is difficult to imagine the world without champagne; yet its origin dates back barely two centuries. It was discovered by one Dom Perignon, the cellarer of the abbey of Hautvillers, who discovered also how to make it effervesce. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that this discovery was made—when the glory of the Roi Soleil was on the wane, and with it the splendor of the Court of Versailles. Louis XIV., for whose special benefit liqueurs had been invented, recovered a gleam of his youthful energy as he sipped the creamy foaming vintage that enlivened his dreary tete-a-tetes with the widow of Scarron. It found its chief patrons, however, among the bands of gay young roysterers, the future *roues* of the Regency, whom the Duc d'Orleans and the Duc de Vendome had gathered round them at the Palais Royal and at Anet. It was one of the famous *soupers* at Anet that the Marquis de Sillery—who had turned his sword into a pruning knife, and applied himself to the cultivation of his paternal vineyards on the principles inculcated by the cellarer of St. Peter's—first introduced the sparkling wine bearing his name. The flower-wreathed bottles which, at a given signal, a dozen of blooming young damsels scantily draped in the guise of Bacchanals placed upon the table were hailed with rapture, and thenceforth sparkling wine was an indispensable adjunct to all the *petits soupers* of the period.

It is asserted by the vintagers that the grapes gathered at sunrise always produce the lightest and most limpid vine. Moreover, by plucking the grapes when the early morning sun is upon them they are believed to yield a fourth more juice. Later on in the day, too, spite of all precautions, it is impossible to prevent some of the detached grapes from partially fermenting, which frequently suffices to give a slight excess of color to the must—a thing especially to be avoided in a high class champagne. When the grapes have to be transported in open baskets for some distance to the press-house, jolting along the road either in carts or on the backs of mules, and exposed to the torrid rays of a bright autumnal sun, the juice expressed from the fruit, however dexterously the latter may be squeezed, is necessarily of a purple tinge, and consequently useless for conversion into champagne.

The special characteristic of champagne is that its manufacture only just commences where that of other wines ordinarily ends. The must flows direct from the press into capacious reservoirs, whence it is drawn off into large vats, and, after being allowed to clear, is transferred to casks holding some forty-four gallons each, in which a sulphur match has been previously burned. These casks are not filled quite up to the bunghole, which is generally covered with a vine leaf kept in its place by a piece of tile. The bulk of the newly made wine is left to repose at the vendangeoirs until the commencement of the following year. The first fermentation, entailing a loss of about 7½ per cent., lasts from a fortnight to a month, according to whether the wine be mou—that is, rich in sugar—or the reverse. In the former case fermentation naturally lasts much longer than when the wine is vert or green. This active fermentation is converted into latent fermentation by transferring the wine to a cooler cellar, as it is essential it should retain a certain proportion of its natural saccharine to insure its future effervescence. The casks have previously been completely filled, and their bung-holes tightly stopped—a necessary precaution to guard the wine from absorbing oxygen, the effect of which would be to turn it yellow and cause it to lose some of its lightness and perfume. After being racked and fined, the produce of the different vineyards is ready for mixing together in accordance with the traditional theories of the various manufacturers; and should the vintage have been indifferent, a certain proportion of old reserved wine of a good year enters into the blend.

When champagne is first bottled the bottles are much given to breaking. It is impossible to check a certain amount of breakage, especially when a hot season has caused the grapes, and consequently the raw wine, to be sweeter than usual. Moreover, when one *casse* or breakage sets in on a large scale the temperature of the cellar is raised by the volume of carbonic acid gas let loose, which is not without its effect on the remaining bottles. The only remedy is the instant removal of the wine to a lower temperature whenever this is practicable. A manufacturer of the pre-scientific days of the last century relates how one year, when the wine was rich and strong, he only preserved 120 out of 6,000 bottles; and it is not so long since 120,000 out of 200,000 were destroyed in the cellars of a well-known champagne firm. Over-knowing purchasers still affect to select a wine which has exploded in the largest proportion in the cellars as being well up to the mark as regards its effervescence, and profess to make inquiries as to its performance in this direction.

The corks, which are mainly obtained from Catalonia and Andalucia, cost more than two-pence each and are delivered in huge sacks resembling hop-pockets. Previous to being used they are either boiled in wine or soaked in a solution of tartar, or else they have been steamed by the cork merchant, both to prevent them imparting a bad flavor to the wine and to hinder any leakage. They are commonly handed warm to the corker, who dips them into a small vessel of wine before making use of them. Some firms, however, prepare their corks by subjecting them to cold water-*douches* twice a day during five or six days beforehand. The *ficeleur* receives the bottle from the corker, and with a twist of the fingers secures the cork with a string, at the same time rounding its hitherto flat top, at a rate which allows from 1,000 to 1,200 bottles to pass through his hands in the course of a day. The *metteur de fil* next affixes the wire with like celerity; and then the final operation is performed by a workman seizing a couple of bottles by the neck and whirling them round his head, as though engaged in the Indian club exercise, in order to secure a perfect amalgamation of the wine and the added liquor.—*St. James Gazette.*

Johnny's Long-Headedness.

"Johnny," said the new minister, to the six-year-old youngster seated upon his knee, "if I give you two nice, big peaches what will you do with them?"

"Gobble 'em," said Johnny.

"But how about your little brother Tommy? Are you willing to give him some of them?"

"Oh, yes, I will give him the stones," replied the generous Johnny.

"What will he do with the stones? He can't eat them."

"No," said Johnny, "but he can plant 'em, and they will grow into a tree, and when he gets a big man, he will have lots of peaches."

"Yes, but why not give him the other part and keep the stones yourself, and then you would be the one to have the nice big trees full of peaches some time?"

"Yes, I would like to do that way," said Johnny, "only you see I am two years older than Tommy, and I might die before the trees began to bear."

Guiltless.

Mr. Gaul (leaning forward suddenly)—I sees yo'!
Mr. Brethers (somewhat new to the game)—Well, s'posin' yo' does? I warn't doin' nuff'n t' be sh-amed of.—*Judge.*

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THERE WILL BE NO WEDDING TO DAY.

"Oh, if my mother were only alive!" burst passionately from Violet's lips, as the door closed after her betrothed. "My heart is broken, and there is no one in the wide, wide world to whom I can tell my trouble. I have no friends, no home, and am forced to marry a man whom I do not love, in order to find one. Belle, who ought to care for me, sympathize with, and comfort me, thinks only of the wealth and position I am to secure, and"—a bitter smile curling her lips—"is even greatly elated at the prospect of getting rid of me in such fine style. I cannot, I cannot bear it; and to-morrow—to-morrow I am to be bound for life!"

She sprang wildly to her feet, a bright spot of fever burning upon each cheek, and began pacing the floor with nervous tread. For an hour she kept this up, going mechanically from one end of the luxurious apartment to the other, apparently unconscious of what she was doing.

In the midst of this almost frantic state of mind, Mrs. Mencke came sweeping in upon her.

"What ails you, Violet?" she demanded, regarding her with anxious eyes. "You have been moving about incessantly the last hour. You must not work yourself into such a nervous state, or you will be quite unfitted for the ceremony to-morrow. I want you to look your best, and you will surely be pale and hollow-eyed, if not positively ill if you keep at this rate. Besides, Lady Isabella arrived a short time ago, and has asked to be allowed to see you for a little while."

"Oh! I cannot see her or anybody, Belle. Let me alone for the few hours that remain to me," Violet moaned, as she threw herself upon the lounge and buried her hot face in the cool, silken pillow.

"The few hours that remain to you, indeed! One would think you were about to be executed, instead of married, to an earl. Do not be so insufferably childish," returned her sister, impatiently. "There will be no time to-morrow for you to see Lady Isabella, and it is uncourteous, uncivil to refuse her request.

Violet made no response to this; she was too weak and wretched to assert herself, and she knew that Belle would carry her point regarding this interview as she had done in all other things of late.

Mrs. Mencke brought her some quieting drops, which she obediently swallowed, and after a few moments began to grow more composed.

"I will tell Lady Cameron that you are nervous and tired, and ask her not to stay long," Belle said, when she saw that Violet was more calm: "but you must see her for a few minutes, and I hope you will have the good taste not to offend her in any way," she continued, significantly.

"Very well, let her come," Violet answered, resignedly, and thinking it better to have the ordeal over as soon as possible.

She had always liked and admired Lady Cameron; had always enjoyed her society, and under other circumstances, would have been glad to see her now; but everything and everyone connected with her approaching marriage seemed positively hateful to her, in her present state.

Mrs. Mencke did not wait for her to change her mind, but went immediately to tell her ladyship that Violet would see her, and a few minutes later, there was a gentle knock upon the door of the young girl's room.

Before she could arise to admit her visitor, it was softly opened and a tall, gray, sweet-faced lady of about fifty years entered.

She was clad in a simple, yet elegant costume of silver-gray silk, trimmed with rich black lace. A cluster of pearls gleamed fair and white at her throat, and a dainty little cap of costly lace rested lightly upon her soft brown hair, which as yet had not a visible thread of silver in it.

"Do not rise, dear," she said, as Violet attempted to do so. "Your state of health tells me that you are still far from being well, and that I must not stay long. Let me sit right here beside you," she continued, drawing a low rocker close to the lounge, and then, bending down, she kissed Violet fondly upon the forehead.

Violet returned her greeting with what composure she could, but the observing lady could easily see that it required a great effort, although she imagined that embarrassment was the cause.

"I knew that I could not see you to-morrow," she resumed, "and I felt as if I must have just a few minutes' chat with you on this last evening of your maiden life. You have no mother, dear, and though I am sure your sister has tried to do everything that we both would, yet she cannot quite take the place of a mother at such a time as this, and my heart yearned to come to you."

Violet was deeply moved by these kind words, and she clasped more closely the hand that had sought hers in such fond sympathy. Still her heart ached more heavily than it was possible, than before, while a feeling of guilt stole over her—a consciousness of wrong toward this loving mother in the injury she felt she was about to do her son.

"I was wishing for my mother just as you came," she murmured, a little sob bursting from her lips.

Lady Isabel leaned forward and wound her arms about the slight form of the girl.

"Then, dear child, let me take her place, as far as I can," she said, in a low, winning tone; "and to-morrow you will have the right to call me by that sacred name, while I shall have a dear daughter. Ah, Violet, I cannot tell you how much I have always wanted a daughter—one who would be a companion and a confidante. But I have had only my son until now. My dear, I am looking forward, with more delight than I can express, to the future when you will belong to us, and brighten our home with your fresh young life. I have been drawn toward you from the first day of our meeting in London, and if Vane had asked me to select a bride for him, I could not have chosen one more to my mind. I know that you will make him a very loving and faithful wife." How Violet cringed beneath those words, which so plainly told her that Vane had not confided to his mother the doubtful relations that existed between them! "He is a noble fellow," the fond woman went on; "he was always a good and dutiful boy, and has been such a comfort to me. Before I knew of Violet, he is a true Christian, and it is delightful to hear him talk of his plans regarding the welfare of his tenants, and of the improvements he hopes to make in the condition of the poor upon his estates. Do you know," she continued, with a sweet seriousness that was very charming, "that I think it is a great thing—a wonderful thing for an earl to be such a Christian, and one who wishes so earnestly to carry his Christianity into his every-day life! There is so much responsibility in such a position, and such an opportunity for doing good. You are a Christian also, are you not, Violet?—and you will sympathize with and help Vane carry out all his plans? What is it, dear?"

This last anxious question was drawn forth by the violent start which Violet had given, as a new and solemn thought suddenly burst upon her at these probing questions.

"Am I wearying you—are you feeling ill?" she added, regarding her with deep concern.

With a great effort Violet controlled the trembling that had seized her, and strove to reply calmly:

"No, I am not ill, dear Lady Cameron, but you asking me if I am a Christian made me suddenly remember something that I had not thought of before."

"What was that, dear?" Lady Isabel questioned. "Unburden yourself just as you would to your own mother on this last night of your single life."

An expression of pain clouded Violet's brow, but after a moment she said, gravely:

"Yes, I have called myself a Christian for more than a year, and I believe my strongest desire is to do what is right always; but life has so many temptations that I know I have often failed. I will try—to do right in the future, dear one, but seemingly strange things happen," her companion thought. "I will do what I can to—to make Lord Cameron—at least, I will try not to hinder him in any good work. I would like to make him happy and you—dear Lady Cameron, I truly wish that I might make you happy also," Violet concluded, raising her head from her pillow and looking eagerly, wistfully into the beautiful face beside her.

The lady bent and kissed her again, though she wondered a little at the tenderness of pain and passion that rang through her words.

"With such a spirit I am sure you cannot fail to be a help to Vane, and I know we shall all be very happy," she said, fondly.

Still Violet continued to regard her with that earnest, wistful look, while the nervous tremblings, which she strove so hard to conceal, began to be apparent in spite of her efforts.

"I hope," she said, timidly, appealingly, "that you will always believe in me. I am liable to be mistaken in my view of what is right—promise me, oh! promise me, that, whatever I may do, you will trust me—you will believe that I wish to do right, and that you will never cease to think kindly of me."

She clung to her companion with passionate longing, her hot little hands grasping hers with a painful, trembling clasp, while she seemed so completely unstrung by some inward emotion that Lady Cameron was alarmed.

"My dear child, what ailed you, or do," she said, regarding her anxiously, "you must not allow yourself to become so excited, and I blame myself for directing our conversation into such a serious channel. I must run away at once and leave you to get calm. Of course, my love, I shall always trust you, while you already have such a firm hold upon my heart; why should I do not believe I could cease to love you if I would. There, you shall not talk any more," as Violet opened her lips as if to speak; "good-night, pleasant dreams and a refreshing slumber. This," with a light laugh, "is the last kiss I shall ever give Violet Huntington; when next my lips touch yours, you will be somebody's dear wife."

With a lingering caress the beautiful woman released her from her arms, and then stole softly from the room, thinking what a sweet lovable wife Vane would have on the morrow.

But if she could have seen Violet as she lay there on her couch after she had gone she would have marveled more than she had done over her previous exclamation.

She clasped her hands across her eyes as if to shut out some dreadful vision, and seemed to cower and shrink as if some one was smiting her with a stinging lash.

"Oh, what have I done!" she moaned. "A Christian, and on the point of perjuring my self before God's altar! A Christian, and weakly yielding to what I know would be a sin of the deepest dye! A Christian, and consenting to take the poison of my wretchedness—of a heart that is filled with a hopeless love for another—into a good man's life and home! No—a thousand times no! I have been blind, wicked, reckless. Vane Cameron is too good a man to have his life hampered and ruined thus, and I honor him too much to do him such wrong, now that I see it in its true light. Oh, if he were but my brother, with his noble principles, his strong, true heart and boundless sympathy, I could stand by him, help him to carry out the good that he has planned, and devote my whole life to him; but as his wife—never!" and she broke into a perfect tempest of tears and sobs as she arrived at this crisis.

Daylight faded; the last crimson flush died out of the western sky; darkness settled upon the mountain tops that overlooked the beautiful valley, and gradually wrapping itself about them like a mantle, finally dropped like a pall upon the gay watering-place and the adjacent village, which all day long had been in a fever of excitement and expectation over the prospect of the grand wedding that was to occur on the morrow.

Nothing else had been talked of for a week, and everybody was anxious to see the beautiful American girl whom the distinguished Earl was to win, but who had so resolutely secluded herself that but very few had had even a glimpse of her face; but on the morrow everybody would have an opportunity to judge for himself, whether she was one who would honor the high position which had been offered her.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Mencke went up to her sister's room to see if she needed anything before retiring.

She tried the door and found it locked.

"Are you in bed, Violet?" she called, in a low tone, with her lips to the keyhole.

"No, Belle, but I am busy with a little writing which I wish to do," Violet answered, in calm, even tones. "But never mind me—go back to your dancing. I can take care of myself, and would rather not be disturbed by any one again to-night."

"I will come up again in half an hour," Mrs. Mencke returned, not satisfied to leave her thus for the night.

"No, do not, Bella, please—I prefer that you should not," pleaded her sister.

"Will you be sure to take your drops? You will need all the strength that you can get for to-morrow," persisted Mrs. Mencke.

"Yes, I will take them; I know that I shall need strength," was the grave reply.

"All right; good-night, then, and a good rest to you," said Mrs. Mencke, and the rustle of her silken garments on the stairs, a moment later, told Violet that she had gone back to the gay company below which she enjoyed so much.

Two hours later, when she came up to bed, she stopped again before Violet's door, as she passed along to her own room, and bent her head to listen.

All was quiet within, except for the ticking of the clock which stood on a bracket near the door, and which, seemingly, sounded strangely clear, and almost seemed to give an ominous click with each motion of its pendulum.

Belle stood to enter; she thought if Violet was sleeping quietly it would be unwise to disturb her, and so she moved on to her own chamber, yet with a somewhat anxious and unsatisfied feeling at her heart.

She slept soundly, and did not waken until nearly eight o'clock the next morning. Her husband had gone to Toke a couple of days previous, and was to return on the first train that day, so there had been no movement in her room to disturb her.

When she realized how late it was, and how much there was to be done, for the wedding had been set for eleven o'clock, she sprang from her bed, and hastily throwing on her clothing, went immediately to Violet's apartments.

The door yielded to her touch, and she entered the parlor, to find no one there.

She passed on to Violet's chamber, and rapped upon the door.

There was no answer, and entering, she was surprised to see that it was empty, and somewhat startled, also, to see that the bed was nicely made, and the room in perfect order.

"What can this mean?" she muttered, and then rang the bell a vigorous peal.

A servant answered it immediately.

"Have you been called to attend Miss Huntington this morning?" she demanded.

"No, madam."

"Have you seen her anywhere about the house?" Mrs. Mencke questioned, greatly perplexed by her sister's strange movements.

"No, madam."

"What! did you not put her room in order this morning!" she asked, sharply.

Again she was doomed to hear the simple, respectful, "No, madam."

More and more perplexed, and not a little alarmed, Mrs. Mencke hastened out into the hall, and was proceeding down stairs to seek Lord Cameron, when she met him just coming up to inquire for his betrothed.

He greeted her with his usual courteous manner; then, observing her troubled look, became instantly alarmed.

"What is it?" he quickly asked. "I hope Violet is not ill."

"No—I do not know—I—I—have you seen her?" faltered and stumbled Mrs. Mencke, in a tone of distress.

"Seen her!" the young man repeated, greatly surprised; "for one thing, morning, of all others, Violet would of course be supposed to be invisible. "No; certainly not, he added, recovering himself. "It was not in her nature. No, and it looks as if it had not been occupied during the night," Mrs. Mencke whispered, with pale lips.

"Do not tell me that," Lord Cameron said, sternly, his face growing ashen pale at the information.

He turned, and leaping two stairs at a time, was at the top in a moment, and striding forward toward Violet's room.

Reaching it, he stopped, his innate delicacy forbidding him to enter without permission, and waited until Mrs. Mencke joined him.

They went in together, and he observed with a terrible heart-sickening dismay, order in which everything had been left in both rooms.

Mrs. Mencke explained that she had questioned the chambermaid, but that she knew nothing about Violet's movements.

"She may have gone out for a walk—to get the air," the wretched groom elect remarked, but he was white to his lips as he said it.

"Gone out for a walk on her wedding-morning, when there was scarcely time to prepare for the ceremony! I wish I could even believe it possible that she would do such an unheard-of thing," said Mrs. Mencke, in a tone of despair, and feeling nearly paralyzed by this sudden and inexplicable trouble.

Nevertheless they exerted themselves to ascertain if the missing bride-elect was anywhere about the premises, Lord Cameron, with the proprietor of the hotel, to whom alone he confided his trouble, going out in search of her.

Meantime Mrs. Mencke went back to Violet's rooms to ascertain if anything was missing, but everything appeared to be in its accustomed place. Every drawer was daintily arranged, as she was in the habit of keeping them; all her jewels, laces, and ribbons were in their respective boxes; even the rings, which she usually wore, lay upon her pincushion, where she always put them before taking a bath.

Her dresses hung in her wardrobe—all but the traveling-dress which she had worn when she came to Mentone. It was a dark-gray cloth, trimmed with narrow bands of blue silk. The hat to match, with its bows of blue velvet, and a single gray wing, together with a blue blue veil, were also missing, and a pair of thick walking-boots, together with a light traveling shawl.

Around these few things nothing, as far as she could ascertain upon so hasty an examination, was gone; not even a change of clothing, but vane, or a traveling-dress in which Violet would be sure to need if she had contemplated flight.

Mrs Mencke was somewhat reassured after these investigations, and tried to think that her sister had gone out for a walk—possibly to the town to post the letter she had been writing the previous night, or even than to wait for it to go later with the hotel mail.

Still, she was terribly anxious, and her face was pallid with fear and anxiety.

Had she stated no one—far more than any one save herself knew—to achieve this brilliant marriage for Violet, and it seemed more than she could bear to have it all go to ruin at the moment, and after all the heavy expense of the beautiful trousseau from Worth's.

She wandered restlessly from room to room in an agony of suspense, Lady Cameron following her and vainly trying to speak words of comfort and cheer, while they waited for the return of those who had gone to search for the missing one.

Lord Cameron came back after a time, accompanied by Mr. Mencke, who had arrived on the first train from Nice, but Le brought no tidings of Violet.

"There will be no wedding-to-day, even if she is found," he said, with a stern, set face, "so let all preparations be stopped at once."

Then without another word he went out, mounted his horse, and rode away toward the mountains.

The wretched day passed, and evening shut down again upon the place, where but one there was thought of or talked about. Many believed that the young girl had gone out for a walk in the early morning and had perhaps fallen into some ravine among the mountains, or into the sea, and been drowned.

There were only a few who thought otherwise, and these were Mr. and Mrs. Mencke, Lord Cameron, and his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Mencke did not lisp their suspicions that Violet might have fled from an uncongenial marriage to a suicide's fate; but Lord Cameron, who remembered his last interview with his betrothed, had a terrible fear that she might be the same; while Lady Cameron, having told him of Violet's strange excitement and remarks of the evening previous, suggested that she might have fled to escape wronging him and being untrue to her vows.

"It may be so," the wretched young man said, "but oh! I fear she is dead. I shall search for her until I am satisfied of either one thing or the other."

When Lord Cameron had said there would be no wedding, even if Violet were found, Mrs. Mencke went away and shut herself in the room where Violet was to have dressed for her bridal, and where, spread out before her, were the lovely dress of white silk tulle, with its delicate garnishings of lilies-of-the-valley and white violets, the beautiful Brussels net veil, with its chaplet of the same flowers, the dainty white satin boots, gloves, and handkerchief; and there she gave vent to the rage, disappointment, and grief which she could no longer contain.

It was the most wretched day of her whole life, and she afterward confessed that there, for the first time, in the presence of these voiceless accusers of her for her treachery and heartlessness toward the young girl whom she should have tenderly cherished and shielded from all unhappiness, her guilty conscience began to upbraid her, and remorse to sting her with their relentless lashings.

(To be Continued.)

Alas! Too True.

A writer in a scientific magazine says the earth is being bored too much, and is liable to lose its place among the heavenly bodies in consequence. The boring editor can sympathize with the earth. He is also likely to lose his place among the heavenly bodies by being bored much—judging from his expression when the bore leaves.

The Right Kind of Fish.

Passing Philanthropist—Boy, you shouldn't beg; it's disgraceful! But don't cry—I'll give you twopence for that paper you have there.

Urchin (blubbering—I—I wouldn't beg, guv'ner, if—if I could meet such ch—ch—chumps as you every day!

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

CONCEIT and FLAMING TORCH.—See Snowball.

PANSY.—Candor, generosity, indecision and mirth.

WYN, Belleville.—Decision, candor, vanity and generosity.

LOTTIE.—Sensitiveness, tenderness, generosity, reserve and caution.

SNOWBALL—Sensitiveness, energy, carelessness and obstinacy.

PEARL.—Candor, generosity, amiability, a little vanity, and an unselfish temperament.

EDITH.—Your writing shows vivacity, energy, willfulness, lazeitiveness, and love of admiration.

TECHNOLOY, Boston.—Writing shows decided self-will, self-reliance, ambition, loquacity and energy.

CLARA, Carleton, Hamilton.—Your writing indicates perseverance, amiability, generosity and self-esteem.

LLEWELLEN M.—Your writing betokens impatience, selfishness and carelessness. Ambition is here, as is also carelessness and willfulness.

WAYRACK.—Your writing displays candor, conscientiousness, impulse, energy and a disposition to look on the dark side of life in general. Take off your blue glasses, my friend.

IRIS, Chatham.—It is quoted by John Wesley, but its originator is not given, though Bacon uses the same idea tersely in different words. Self-will, indecision, tenderness and generosity.

MURIEL.—You are undoubtedly of a happy disposition, with a warm and affectionate nature. I see also evidences of a practical turn of mind, well marked ambition, order and generosity.

BUTTONS, Port Dover.—Your writing displays enthusiasm, fondness for approbation, an inclination to build very tall castles on airy foundations, an eccentric disposition, jealousy and self-will.

MARGUERITE.—Your writing shows energy, carefulness in the little things of life, a generous disposition, a patience brought to you with suffering, much ambition and an inclination to be suspicious.

GUY TORRANO.—From anything I can learn of West Point I am of the opinion that there are no regulations as to height. Your writing shows an erratic temperament, impulse, vanity, generosity, caution and reserve.

CLAUDIA, Barrie.—How kind you were not to write questions after you saw Charlie's list. Your writing exhibits vivacity, energy, a cheerful disposition, a fund of dry humor, an unostentatious nature and perseverance.

INQUIRER.—It is quite evident that you were a better judge of character when you wrote your letter. Your writing shows a great deal of energy, eccentricity in manner, speech and thought, a genial and attractive personality, considerable impatience and an undeniable warmth of temper.

MUD, Belleville.—Glad to know you have some mud down there where so many of my correspondents live. Your writing shows a great deal of generosity, caution, patience with scarcely enough perseverance and a self-will that amounts almost to obstinacy. Your curiously worded request quite caught my fancy.

A. A. C.—The quotation "you cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear," is found in Lyly's Euphues. Its originator, although I have searched the most complete compilations of proverbs and sayings. Your writing shows impulsive ability, some self-esteem, a disposition to be moody, candor, sensitiveness and sympathy.

SUNSHINE.—You dear little goose, how could I tell you who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find the little pills invaluable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find the little pills invaluable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast, that our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.

TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.

Sole Agents, Toronto.

The Wonder of The Age

ECLIPSE DYES

A NEW Improved Dye for Home Dyeing

Nothing but Water required in using

10c package. For sale everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the manufacturers.

J. S. ROBERTSON & CO., MONTREAL.

HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS

are an honest medicine in which only based, straightforward statements are made. See that you get the genuine Hoffman's. Insist on having them. They Cure ALL Headaches.

They are not a Cathartic.

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COLBORNE STREET

The merchants and professional gentlemen of Toronto prefer to lunch at the Colborne Street restaurant, where everything is under Mr. Fred Jewell's personal supervision, to going where they would not find the same individual attention. Cuisine first-class.

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Victoria Embankment

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"The Hotel de Luxe of the World."

MAGNIFICENT RIVER VIEW

LUXURIOUS SUITES WITH

BATH ROOMS

SHADED ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERY-WHERE. NO GAS.

SAVOY RESTAURANT

WITH LARGE TERRACE. THE FINEST AND ONLY OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT IN LONDON, Overlooking the Embankment and Gardens.

THE CUISINE RIVALS THE MOST FAMOUS CONTINENTAL AND AMERICAN RESTAURANTS.

Chef de Cuisine, M. ESCOFFIER.

Acting Manager, M. ECHENARD.

General Manager, M. RITZ.

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER LII.

The newspapers had cried out that Hubert Lepel's two years were a miserably insufficient punishment for the crime of which he had been guilty; but to Cynthia it seemed as if those two years were an eternity. She did not talk about him to any one; she interested herself apparently in the affairs of her father's house; she made a thousand occupations for herself in the new land to which she had gone. Occasionally she had a letter—which she dearly prized—from Enid Vane, and in these letters she heard a little now and then about Hubert; but, after Enid's marriage, the letters became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. And then she knew that the two years were over, and that Hubert must be free.

Free—or dead! She sometimes had a keen darting fear that she would never see his face again. His health had suffered very much in confinement, she had learnt from Enid's letters, and she knew that he had seemed very weak and ill during those terrible days of his trial for manslaughter. She could never think of them without a shiver. How had the two years ended for him? Was he a wreck, without hope, without energy, without strength, coming out of prison only to die? Cynthia brooded over these possibilities until sleep fled from her eyes and the color from her cheeks. Her father looked at her now and then with anxious grieving eyes; but he did not say a word. She noticed however that he greatly advocated the good qualities of a fine young Scotchman called MacPhail, who had lately settled on an estate in the neighborhood and had shown a great inclination for Cynthia's society. Westwood was never tired of praising his good looks, his manly ways, his abilities, and his intelligence, and of calculating openly in his daughter's hearing, the amount of wealth of which he was sure MacPhail was possessed. Cynthia grew impatient of these praises before long.

"Dear father," she said, taking his grizzled head between her hands one evening and kissing it, "I like your Mr. MacPhail very well; but I shall get tired of him very soon if you are always praising him so much."

"But you do like him, Cynthy!" said her father, turning round hastily.

"Oh, yes—I think that he is a very estimable young man; I know all his good points by heart; but I can't say that I find him interesting."

"Interesting?" echoed Westwood. "What do you mean, Cynthy? Isn't he clever enough for you?"

"He is clever enough for anybody, no doubt," said Cynthia, with a little laugh. "But he never reads, he never thinks—except about his stock—and he isn't even a gentleman."

"Neither am I, Cynthia, my dear," said her father sorrowfully.

"You, you darling old man," said the girl lightly—"as if you were not one of Nature's gentlemen, and the dearest and noblest of men to boot! If he were like you, father, I should think twice as much of him;" and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him.

Westwood's face beamed.

"You're not ashamed of your old father?" he said delightedly. "Bless you, my girl! Who I shall do when the time comes for me to lose you, I'm sure I don't know!"

"You are not likely to lose me, father. I shall probably stay with you always," said Cynthia rather sadly. But she brightened up when she saw his questioning face. "You and I will always keep house together, will we not?"

"Don't you think, Cynthia," said he, detaining her as she was about to move away, "that we might take Mac'Phail into partnership some of these days?"

"Partnership!" she repeated, not seeing his drift at first. "What do you want with a partner, father? Is there too much for you to do? Or haven't you enough capital? Why should you want a partner?"

"It isn't a partner for myself that I'm talking about, my pretty. I want a son—and the partner will be for you. In plain words, Donald MacPhail is head over ears in love with you, Cynthia. Couldn't you bring yourself to look upon him as your husband, don't you think?"

"No, I could not," said Cynthia quickly and decisively. "There is only one man whom I could think of—and you know who that one is. If I can't marry him, I will marry nobody at all."

Westwood sighed and looked dispirited, but said no more.

Cynthia exerted herself to be particularly frigid to Mr. MacPhail when he next visited the house, and succeeded so well that the young Scotchman was utterly dismayed by her demeanor, and was not seen there again for many a long day.

Mr. MacPhail was not the only suitor that Cynthia had to send about his business. She was too handsome, too winning, to escape remark in a place where attractive women were rather rare. Her father used afterwards to observe, with a chuckle of delight, that she had had an offer from every eligible young man for miles round, from every young fellow within a circuit of sixty miles around his homestead; but Cynthia did not altogether like the recollection.

They did not often see English newspapers; but at this time Westwood took to poring over any that he could obtain from neighbors or from the nearest town. One day Cynthia saw that a copy of the *Standard* was lying in a very conspicuous position on her writing-table. She took it up and read the announcement of the death at her own house of Leonora Vane, aged sixty-nine. She wondered a little that Enid had not written to tell her of Miss Vane's death; and then the tears fell slowly from her eyes as she considered how completely she was now cut off from the Vanes and all their concerns—as completely as if she herself had "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." The old life was over; she had come to a new world where all her duties lay; and the past, with its vigorous life, its passionate emotions, its intense joy, its bitter pains, existed for her no more.

And yet she could not forget it; absorb herself as she would in household cares, busy herself as she would with her father's requirements and the needs of her poor neighbors, and for these Cynthia was a center of all that was beneficent and beautiful—moments would come when the present seemed to her like a death and the past the only reality. When had she lived so fully as when she knew from Hubert's lips the meaning of his love for her—or knew for him? Life would be dull and gray indeed if it contained no memory of those exquisite, passionate moments! For these the rest of her existence was a mere setting; and for these she knew well enough that she was glad that she had lived.

Thus she sat thinking, with her cheek upon her hand and the tears wet upon her long dark lashes; and she did not hear the footsteps of any one approaching until her father touched her on the shoulder and said—

"Cynthy—here's visitors!"

Then she looked up. At first she saw only the ruddy face and reddish hair and whiskers of MacPhail, and she rose to her feet with a little sigh. After MacPhail came another neighbor a tall, thin man with a military bearing, generally known as "the Colonel," though it was not clear that he had ever held any rank in the army. And after these two a stranger followed—also a tall man, thin, dark, grave, with eyes that seemed to Cynthia like those of one who had returned from beyond the grave.

A start like a sort of electric shock ran through Cynthia's frame. It was impossible for her to speak, to do more than extend her hand in silence to each of the new-comers. And then she looked once more upon her lover's face—upon the face of Hubert Lepel. In the presence of her father and the two comparative strangers, she could not even utter a word of greeting. Her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and she dared not even raise her eyes.

Hubert seemed at first as tongue-tied as herself; but presently she heard him talking in a quiet unobtrusive way, as if he and "the Colonel" were old friends; and it transpired that the two had met during Hubert's previous wanderings in America, and that they had seen a good deal of the world together. Before long, all four men were busily engaged on a discussion of America and England and in a discussion on contemporary politics, and Cynthia was able to devote herself to household duties and the entertainment of her guests. Hubert was staying in Colonel Morton's house, she found, and they had met Mr. Westwood and MacPhail when they were having a long tramp over the hills; and, strange enough, Westwood had immediately asked both men to dinner.

It was not until the meal was over and the men had gone out to smoke in the pleasant piazza with its clustering vines which adorned the front of Westwood's house that Cynthia had a moment in which to compare her present impressions with her past. It struck her that Hubert looked older, as well as graver and sadder, and perhaps more dignified. His hair was turning gray and thin at the temples; his moustache was also streaked with white—bleached, as Cynthia knew, by trouble, not by age. He was thin, but he looked stronger than when she saw him last; and his gait was firm and elastic. His face was slightly tanned—probably by the sun and sea-air in his recent expedition from England—and the brown hue gave him a look of health and vigor which he had not possessed in England. But the change in his expression was more striking to Cynthia than any alteration in physical aspect. His eyes had lost their anxious restlessness; his mouth was set as if in steadfast resolution; his brow was calm. He looked like a man who had gone "through much tribulation," but had come out victor at the last.

And Cynthia—was she changed? He had thought so when he came upon her that afternoon; but his heart had yearned over her all the more fondly for the change. He had never seen her so thin, so pale, so worn; the dark eyes had not been set in such hollows of shadow when he last saw her; the cheeks had never before been so colorless. He felt that she had suffered for him—that she had borne his punishment with himself; and the thought made it difficult for him to restrain himself from falling at her feet and kissing the very hem of her garment as he looked at her. But at dinner she looked more like her old beautiful self. She was in black when he arrived; but she came to dinner in a pretty cream colored embroidered muslin, with a bunch of crimson flowers at her bosom. The color had come back to her cheeks too, and the light to her eyes—he saw that, though he could not get her to look at him.

Cynthia sat in the window, not daring to join the party on the piazza—hoping perhaps that one of them would separate himself from the others and come to her. Hubert was walking with her father now—up and down, up and down, deep in talk. Was it merely talk of politics and farming and common things? She saw them withdraw to a corner of the piazza where they could converse unheard by their companions. Westwood was smoking; but his speech was fluent, Cynthia could see; he was laying down the law, emphasizing his sentences by an outstretched finger, blowing great rings of smoke into the air between some of his remarks. Hubert listened and seemed to assent. His head was bowed, his arms were folded across his chest; he looked—Cynthia could not help the thought—like a prisoner receiving sentence, a penitent before his judge. Westwood turned to him at last, as if awaiting an answer—the moonlight was on his face, and showed it to be grave and curious, but unmistakably kind. Hubert raised his head and made some answer; and then—Cynthia's heart began to beat very fast indeed—her father held out his hand. The two men grasped each other's hands warmly and silently for a moment, then both turned away. Westwood took out a great red handkerchief and blew his nose vehemently; Hubert leaned for a moment against the balustrade and put his hand across his eyes. Cynthia's own eyes swam in sympathetic tears as she strove to imagine what had been said. In that moment her love for Hubert was almost less than her love for her father—the man who, in spite of lawless instincts, faulty training, great misfortunes and mistakes, had so much that was large enough and grand enough to know how to forgive.

Her eyes were so blinded with tears that she saw but indistinctly that her father was coming across the piazza to the long, open window by which she sat. She drew herself back a little, so as to be out of the range of vision of the colonel and Mr. MacPhail. She knew that the crisis of her fate was come.

"Cynthia, my dear," said her father's homely rugged voice—how dear it had grown she felt that she had never known it till now—"here's a gentleman wants to have a word with you. And he has my good wishes and my friendship, dearie, and that's a thing that I thought you'd like to know. He calls it my forgiveness, but we know—we understand—it's all the same. I'll leave him with you, my beauty, and you can say to each other what you please." And then he kissed her very tenderly and turned away.

She felt that Hubert had followed him, had stepped into the room, but she could not raise her eyes.

She was obliged to see him however when he knelt down before her and put his clasped hands very gently upon her knee.

"Cynthia," said his voice—the other voice that she loved to hear—"your father says that he has forgiven me. Can you forgive?"

"If my father has forgiven you," she said a little hurriedly, "I cannot do less."

There was a little silence. He bowed his head and touched with his lips the slender fingers that rested lightly upon his own joined hands. He felt that she trembled at the touch.

"What is to be my fate, Cynthia? I put my life into your hands. I owe it to your father and to you."

"What do you want it to be?" she asked softly, but with an effort of which he was profoundly conscious and ashamed.

"Oh, my love, my only love, you know what I desire!" he said, with sudden passion; and for the first time he raised his head and looked into her face. "I dare not ask—I am not worthy! If there is anything that you can hear me say—or do—that will make it of your own free will; I cannot ask you for anything."

"But you know," said Cynthia, looking at him at last, and letting the gleam of a smile appear through the tears that filled her eyes, "a woman likes to be asked."

"But, when there was no longer any need, he found it easier to ask questions.

"Cynthia, my darling, do you love me?"

"With my whole heart, Hubert!"

"And will you—will you really—be—my wife?"

"Yes, Hubert."

"And you forgive me? Oh, that is more wonderful than all! You bow me to the earth with your goodness—you and your father, Cynthia! What can I do to be worthy of it? He is going to give me his name as well as yourself; and Heaven knows that I will do my best to keep it clean!"

His head sank on her bosom.

"Hubert," she said, you must not talk in that way! Do you think that I should ever be ashamed of your name, darling? It is just that my father has no son, and does not want his own name to die out. If you will sacrifice your name, instead of my sacrificing mine, as women generally do, you will make him very happy and very proud of you. He wants a son; and you will be as a son to him, Hubert darling, will you not?"

And so the treaty was ratified.

Hubert and Cynthia were married in three weeks; and the marriage turned out an uncommonly happy one. Contrary to even Cynthia's expectations, Westwood and his son-in-law became the very best of friends. Westwood was proud of Hubert's literary knowledge, of his former social standing, of his many gifts and accomplishments. It was he who one day proposed that Hubert should go back to the name of Lepel—the name by which he had been known in the literary and dramatic world, and by which he would perhaps be remembered long after "the Beechfield tragedy" was forgotten. But Hubert refused. He was too proud of the new name that he had won, he said, ever to give it up. As for literature, he had no inclination for it now. In this new home, in a new world, with father, wife, and boys beside him, and a political career which opened out a future such as he had never dreamed of when he was writing his plays and poems in Russell Square—a future made easy to him by Westwood's position and character in the States, and also by the large fortune which Miss Vane had left him unconditionally on her death—he had no wish to change his lot in life. Out of evil had come good; but only through repentance and the valley of humiliation, without which good indeed have seemed weight and sadly to an end without honor and without peace. But he had won a great victory; and he was not without his great reward.

THE END.

The Waiter Girl.

She comes, she comes upon my yearning sight,
Like friendly moons shining thro' the night,
What tho' thy hands and feet be large—thy head
And countenance alike be fury red;
My joy at seeing you is past control—
Thou token of plenty to my famished soul!
She comes to learn my lightest whim or wish,
And murmurs—
"Souperish?"

Daughter of Erin, skittish are thy ways;
Perchance my soul you'll bring some of these days.
Oh, why procrastinate? Why, why so slow?
Art waiting for the ham-and-eggs to grow?
At length, she comes again upon the scene,
And beams upon me with a smile serene,
Like champagne bottle popping out its cork,
She shoots out—
"Beefcorpork?"

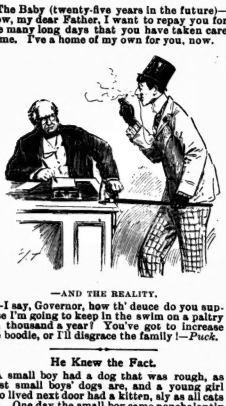
Oh, fair one, tho' no drinking man am I—
I fain some mild, light beverage would try.
Not only hungry am I, but athirst;
And I could drink until my hide would burst.
Oh, for the water, bill of lemonade!
Some cool drink bring me, oh, thou lovely maid!
At last she sees my signal and far off
Shouts at me—
"Teacoroff!"

Come, come, thou shy, coy maid, hear my appeal—
Have I come to the end of this, my meal?
Is this small ration all I am to draw?
Must famine's tooth forever at me gnaw?
You think I've had enough—but not so—and so!
Ah, little of a boarder's wants you know!
If you but listen—if you only would!
She answers—
"Pieorpud!" —*Light.*

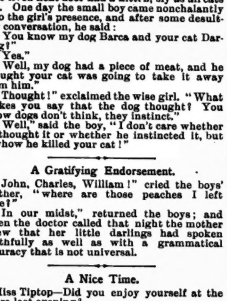
A Yankee's Difficulties with Titled Englishmen.

If you want a peculiar sensation, writes Julian Ralph in *Harpers'*, find yourself suddenly arm in arm with an English lord without having ever thought how you would address one in such a case. A lord is no better in an American citizen's opinion than a piece of ambrated clay. He is whatever he proves himself to be—a gentleman, a pleasant fellow, a snob, a blackguard, or whatever. But an American citizen who values himself can never be at ease unless he knows the requirements of the situations in which he finds himself when abroad, and he would be a dullard who would not desire to acquit himself gracefully, whether with a servant or a king. I once suddenly found myself arm in arm with a nobleman named Lord Harold Berwick, or so we will call him. He is a bright, witty fellow, as interesting as any man I met, and his title is all that an American could find fault with in him. But when he took my arm there fled from my mind all that I ever knew about how a lord should be addressed, particularly a lord with a courtesy title like his. A noted American told me he was once in the same plight with the Prince of Wales. He would be hanged if he would call him "Y'Roy! Highness," and he called him "sir," which turned out to be exactly what every gentleman calls him, and what every waiter and servant calls every one else in England. In America, we probably have more men with titles than there are in any other country in the world, so that any American who thinks to glorify himself by refusing to call a nobleman by his title is inconsistent to the last degree. But what to call Lord Harold, or his lordship, or Harold Berwick, or Mr. Berwick, or Lord Berwick, I did not know. I solved the problem like a Solomon. I did not call him anything. It was at a little place on the Thames, and presently he took a boat with some ladies, and I took another boat with some other ladies, and we set out for a turn up the river and back. There were crowds on the river in boats, and Lord Harold, losing sight of us, went toward the wrong side of an island. "Call to him that he is going wrong," said one of the women in my boat. "But what on earth shall I call him?" I asked. "Don't call him 'Lord Harold,' whatever you do," she replied, "or everybody will look at him." So we called out, "Hello, Berwick!" and he looked around, and all went well. But that, I knew, was too familiar, and what was correct I did not know. Since then, having no more concern about the matter, I have asked no one, so I can not say yet with positiveness what an Englishman would have called out or called him.

Mr. Waukenup's Vision.



The Baby (twenty-five years in the future)—Now, my dear Father, I want to repay you for the many long days that you have taken care of me. I've a home of my own for you, now.



—AND THE REALITY.

—I say, Governor, how th' deuce do you suppose I'm going to keep in the swim on a paltry ten thousand a year? You've got to increase the boodle, or I'll disgrace the family!—*Puck.*

He Knew the Fact.

A small boy had a dog that was rough, as most small boys' dogs are, and a young girl who lived next door had a kitten, sly as all cats are. One day the small boy came nonchalantly into the girl's presence, and after some desultory conversation, he said:

"You know my dog Barca and your cat Darling?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dog had a piece of meat, and he thought your cat was going to take it away from him."

"Thought!" exclaimed the wise girl. "What makes you say that the dog thought? You know dogs don't think, they instinct."

"Well," said the boy, "I don't care whether he thought it or whether he instincted it, but anyhow he killed your cat!"

A Gratifying Endorsement.

"John, Charles, William!" cried the boys' mother, "where are those peaches I left here?"

"In our midst," returned the boys; and when the doctor called that night the mother knew that her little darlings had spoken truthfully as well as with a grammatical accuracy that is not universal.

A Nice Time.

Miss Tiptop—Did you enjoy yourself at the opera last evening?

Miss Westend—Oh, awfully. Mr. Blatherskite is the most delightful conversationist I ever attended a musical performance with.

What Made Him Late.

School Teacher (severely)—You are half an hour late this morning.

Little Boy (who was "kept in" the day before)—Yes. It was late, yeste'day, when I got home.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Horses in Hats.

In probably no other country in the world except India do horses wear hats, yet in Calcutta such a thing is of regular occurrence and a common sight in the streets during the hot weather, when many horses are yearly lost by sunstroke. These hats are formed of white cloth, the same material used for ordinary sola topees (sun hats), and are covered with white cloth, set off with a fringe at the edge. They are shaped, of course, so as to conform to the shape of the equine wearer's head and neck, and have two conveniently arranged round holes for the ears to go through, and a funnel-shaped piece in front between the ears for ventilation. It is said these equine sola topees have proved very effective in all cases where they have been used as a protection for horses from the effects of the great heat and tropical sun of Calcutta in the hotter months of the year.

The Way of It.

"How is she your sister? By marriage?"

"N—no," stammered Chappie. "Quite the r—reverse, you know. B—by a re—refusal of m—in—marriage."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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He (from Chicago)—Y-e-s, but Milwaukee's better.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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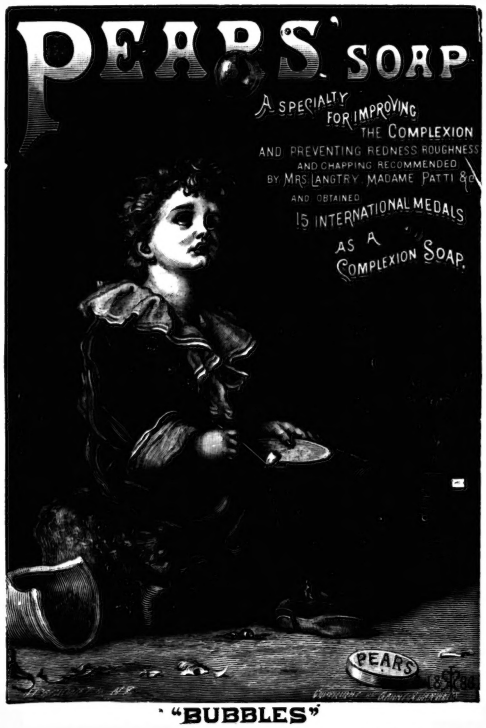

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Two Uncles.
Our Uncle Abner from the country
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But Uncle Moses in the city
Lends principal, when we are "broke."

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

A very pleasant garden party was given on July 2 at Mrs. John Ardagh's, in aid of the proposed hospital fund. It was a success in every respect. The grounds were prettily lighted with Chinese lanterns, and the band played many selections in their usual good style during the evening.

Mayor and Mrs. Pepler left this week for a trip to England.

Those who left recently for Muskoka and who intend spending part of the summer there, are Mr. and Mrs. Spotton and family, Mrs. Cassitart and family, Mrs. DeBlaquiere and Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson and family.

Mr. Arthur Sweatman of Toronto is visiting at his uncle's, Rev. Canon Reiner's.

Senator and Mrs. Gowan have returned from an extended trip on the Continent.

Mr. Percy Kortright and Mr. Sidney Bridges are home for vacation.

Miss Spry has been visiting in Toronto and was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Fortier.

A garden party was held at Beechwood, the grounds of Mr. Haughton Lennox, on Friday, July 4, for St. George's Church, Allandale. Quite a number drove from Barrie and spent a delightful time. The grounds and residence presented quite a pretty picture.

Mrs. G. J. Mason and the Misses Mason have returned home again after spending two months in the city.

Miss F. Morris of Perth is spending a few weeks with Mrs. G. Rudenhurst.

Messrs. T. R. and W. A. Boys spent two weeks on a bicycle tour through Western Ontario. OCULAIRE.

The Trial of a Lifetime.

Captain G. (dismounting at the door of the church)—I say, aren't we much too soon? There are no end of people inside. I say, aren't we much too late? Stick by me, Jack! What the devil do I do!

Captain M.—Strike an attitude at the head of the aisle and wait for her. (G. groans as M. wheels into position before three hundred eyes.)

Captain M. (imploringly)—Gaddy, if you love me, for pity's sake, for the honor of the regiment, stand up! Chuck yourself into your uniform! Look like a man! I've got to speak to the padre a minute. (G. breaks into a gentle perspiration.) If you wipe your face I'll never be your best man again. Stand up! (G. trembles visibly.)

Captain M. (returning)—She's coming now. Look out when the music starts. There's the organ beginning to clack.

Bride steps out of rickshaw at church door. G. catches a glimpse of her and takes heart.

Organ (Dapason and Burden):

The voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest marriage day,
The primal marriage blessing
It hath not passed away.

Captain M. (watching G.)—By Jove! He is looking well. Didn't think he had it in him.

Captain G.—How long does this hymn go on for?

Captain M.—It will be over directly. (Anxiously.) Beginning to bleach and gulp? Hold on, Gaddy, and think o' the regiment.

Captain G.—(measuredly)—I say, there's a big brown lizard crawling up that wall.

Captain M.—My Sainted Mother! The last stage of collapse!

Bride comes up to left of altar, lifts her eyes once to G., who is suddenly smitten mad.

Captain G. (to himself, again and again.)—Little Featherweight's a woman—a woman! And I thought she was a little girl.

Captain M. (in a whisper)—From the halt—inward wheel.

Captain G. obeys mechanically, and the ceremony proceeds.

Padre—. . . only unto her as long as ye both shall live!

Captain G. (his throat useless)—Ha—hm-um!

Captain M.—Say you will or you won't. There's no second deal here.

Bride gives response with perfect coolness, and is given away by the father.

Captain G. (thinking to show his learning)—Jack, give one away now, quick!

Captain M.—You've given yourself away quite enough. Her right hand, man! Repeat! Repeat! "Theodore Pallip." Have you forgotten your own name!

Captain G. stumbles through affirmation which bride repeats without a tremor.

Captain M.—Now the ring! Follow the padre! Don't pull off my glove! Here it is! Great Cupid! he's found his voice!

G. repeats troth in a voice to be heard to the end of the church, and turns on his heel.

Captain M. (desperately)—Right back! Back to your troop! Tiun't half legal yet.

Padre— . . . joined together, let no man put asunder.

Captain G. paralysed with fear, jibs after blessing.

Captain M. (quickly)—On your own front—one length. Take her with you. I don't come. You've nothing to say. (Captain G. jingles up to altar.)

Captain M. (in a piercing rattle, meant to be a whisper)—Kneel! you stiff-necked ruffian! Kneel!

Padre—. . . whose daughters ye are, so long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.

Captain M.—Dismiss! Break off! Left wheel!

All troop to vestry. They sign.

Captain M.—Kiss her, Gaddy.

Captain G. (rubbing ink-spot into his glove). Eh! What!

Captain M. (taking one pace to bride.)—If you don't, I shall.

Captain G. (interposing an arm).—Not this journey!

General kissing, in which Captain G. is pursued by an unknown female.

Captain G. (faintly to M.)—This is Hades! Can I wipe my face now!

Captain M.—My responsibility has ended. Better ask Misses Gadsby.

Captain G. winces as if shot, and procession is Mendelssohned out of church to paternal roof, where usual tortures take place over the wedding cake.—*Rudyard Kipling in The Story of the Gadsbys.*

Do You Speak French?

When Lord Lansdowne was governor-general of Canada he won the hearts of a deputation of French Canadians by the perfect accent with which he began to address them in their own language. He had only time to get out so much as "M. le Maire" when he was greeted by an enthusiastic burst of cheering from his delighted audience. So, at least, Lord Granville told the story yesterday to the Societe Nationale of French teachers. It is to be feared that such a Pentecostal performance is beyond most of Lord Lansdowne's countrymen, even with the best of teaching. A perfect French accent is born, not made. Lord Lansdowne, as the narrator admitted, inherited his from his distinguished grandfather, M. de Fiahaulte. But we do not all boast of distinguished French grandfathers; and the average Englishman is apt to find when he gets across the channel that he is less intelligible to the accomplished French waiter in the waiter's language than in his own. That is the proud result which the average English schoolboy carries away from his public school. What is to be done? Lord Granville tell a story of two Oxford friends who went to learn German in Germany. One, being industrious, bound a towel round his brows and fagged away in his chamber. The other, being idle, went everywhere, did everything, and amused himself. The first rebuked the second for his idleness, but on trial it was the second and not the first who could make himself understood. Lord Granville's moral is to urge, with a consensus of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Lintorn Simmons, and other authorities, that the teaching of French should be rather linguistic than scientific, and always in the hands of a Frenchman. But then comes the difficulty of discipline. A French master at an English public school, mainly because he is handicapped by having to storm at his pupils in a foreign tongue, rarely succeeds in keeping order. From one cause or another, it is certain that the English schoolboy last present in much the same case as Chaucer's Nonne:

She spoke the French of Stratford atte Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Summer Young Man.

New York's leading society paper, *Truth*, has the following to say of some New York society young men: "With the summer the average girl becomes more attractive than ever. You may talk about the 'summer girl' in sarcastic verse, but, the fact is, in the soft India silks and pretty plaid ginghams, she can do wonders with herself. But with her advent comes the average man who dresses like a clown or a tramp in his endeavor to put on a fashionable *neglige*. At the summer resorts many men become either disgusting in their bathing deportment or one appears like a lot of idiots in some of their unbecoming garments. But here, in town, the display of costumes by some of the men who infest Broadway, between Twenty-third and Thirty-third streets, is simply ridiculous. One man will have on one of those terrible abominations, a high white hat, a pair of black trousers, a flannel shirt, a sack coat and a big scarf with a pin in it. The next fellow you meet has a Prince Albert and a straw hat; the next, a dazzling purple coat, lavender trousers, a hot, black beaver on his head and a flannel shirt; the next man, with worn and faded clothes and run-over shoes, will have a gorgeous sash of silk around his waist. The returned actor is probably the worst of all in this regard. On the stage he appears very well but on the street he is a guy.

Not the Spelling.

A solid young fellow, who had been writing a letter with a pencil, got up from his seat in the Erie depot for a stroll around, leaving his unfinished letter on the seat. A man came in, took the seat to wait for his train, and in an absent way picked up the missive. He held it in his hands when the young man returned, and said:

"That's my letter, mister."

"Well, you can have it," was the reply.

"Did you read it?"

"N—o. That is, I glanced over a few lines of it and noticed that hardly a word was spelled correctly.

"It is a letter to my girl."

"Yes."

"Girl I'm going to marry."

"Yes."

"And I don't care a cocked hat about the spelling. What I want to impress on that girl is luv, l—u—v, and lots of it, for there's sixty acres of land and a sawmill behind her."

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Perfection in Fit, Fashion and Finish. Special attention to evening wear and mantle making.
MILLINERY
Coming out well assorted stock. Stylish work at greatly reduced prices.
J & A. CARTER
372 Yonge St., Toronto

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis.
DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church St.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

The Model Clothing Store
219 and 221 Yonge Street
Corner Shuter Street

WE invite attention to the remarkable merit of our new designs in stained glass for dwellings. We are showing samples of transom and door glass at low prices of great artistic excellence.

Sketches and quotations furnished for the different openings in new houses and for memorial church windows.

The largest stock of new wall papers in Canada.

ELLIOTT & SON
94 and 96 Bay St., near King

EXECUTOR'S SALE
CARPET STOCK
OF
WM. BEATTY & SON
SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN ALL LINES

WILTON AND AXMINSTER CARPETS reduced from $2.25 to $1.50 per yard.
BRUSSELS (to be sold with borders) reduced from $1.25 to 98c. per yard.
TAPESTRY AND WOOL CARPETS at a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent.
CHENILLE AND LACE CURTAINS at a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent.
ODDFELLOWS AND MASONIC CARPETS reduced from $1 to 75c. per yard.

WM. BEATTY & SON, 3 King Street East.

100 SHOTS FOR ONE CENT
WITH THE MATCHLESS REPEATING
AIR RIFLE!
SHOOTS 65 TIMES WITHOUT RELOADING

This is a beautiful and effective weapon. For sparrows and small game it has no equal, and with proper care and usage will last a life time. It shoots an ordinary B B Shot, which can be bought anywhere for 5c. per pound—a pound contains nearly 1,000 shot. The barrel is nickel plated and the stock is of black walnut.

PRICE ONLY $3
We will send this rifle to any address, per express, on receipt of price.
THE CHAS. STARK CO., LTD., 50 Church Street, Toronto.
N. B.—Send for our 320 page Catalogue. Contains nearly 3,000 illustrations of every description of merchandise, Jewelry, Firearms, Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, etc. Price 25 cents. Free to intending purchasers.

AMERICAN FAIR
334 Yonge Street, Toronto. Telephone 2033.

Bargain Tables are now made up as follows: Table No. 1, all 25c articles—Paper of Pins, 2c.; Envelopes per bunch, 2c.; Dolls, 2c.; Box Paints, Bowls, 100 page Scribbler, Sponges, &c. Table No. 2, all 35c articles—Skimmers, Grates, Sponges, Shelf Paper, per doz., Purses, Rubber Balls—plain and painted, Toilet Soap, Tin Cup, &c. Table No. 3, everything for 4c.—Best Ink, 1 quart Pieced Dippers, Dolls, Sponges, Cook Books, Book on Art of Dressmaking and Fancy Work, China Plates, letters for children, Nail Brushes, Whisks, Brooms, &c. Table No. 5, all 50c. articles—Best Tin Dust Pans, Nail Brushes, Vases, Glass Butter Dishes, and many others worth several times the price. Table No. 5, 5c. articles—Glass Bread Plates, China Mustard Pots and Spoons, large Bowls, Sponges, Black Handled Whisks, and many others worth 15c. each. Tables No. 6, 7 and 8—Come and see. Our space is up. Store open Saturday evenings. Closes other evenings at 6 o'clock.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

CUT THIS OUT

Enclose it in an envelope addressed to THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

FILL IN THE BLANKS BELOW

Send me ..... copies, at 25 cents each, of the superbly illustrated Summer Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, entitled CANADA'S SUMMER. Enclosed find $.....

Signed .....

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If you wish copies mailed to your friends, send their addresses to us and 25c. each and we will send in a mailing tube post paid any number of copies you desire. A more pleasing evidence that your friends remain unforgotten could not be sent. It contains six full-page half-tone photo-engravings of Canadian scenery and incidents, specially painted for this number by the best Canadian artists; half a dozen half-pages, all original and beautiful, besides a score of copied pictures in the best style of the leading engravers of the United States and Canada.

Where Roads Meet—a story	By E. E. Sheppard
With Victor Hugo	By Louis Frechette
Only a Younger Son	By Seranus
Story of a Skull	By Alex. F. Pirie
Tangles	By Frances Burton Clare
A Sermonette on Guests	By Louise Markscheffel
The Funny Man's Garden	By P. McArthur
Why Smith Never Married	By D. A. McKellar
On a Summer Shore	By William Wilfred Campbell
Indian Summer	By Charles G. D. Roberts
Prairie Sonnets	By Nicholas Flood Davin
Cathedral Peak	By E. W. Sandys
The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
Last Winter; This Summer	By Wm. McLennan
A Legend of the Mackinac	By Grace E. Denison
Crows	By Sophia M. Almon
Berrypicking Time	By Samuel Hunter

And other selections complete the contents of this finest holiday paper issued in Canada.

M'KEOWN & COMPANY'S
GREAT SUMMER MARK-DOWN SALE
A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS

Our most sanguine expectations have been more than realized this past week. Our store packed with customers from morning to night.

A week ago we inaugurated this GIGANTIC MARK-DOWN SALE. We will continue next week and during this month to clear out our entire stock of Summer Goods at such mark-down prices as will not leave a vestige of them when our fall importations arrive.

One hundred thousand of our catalogues giving particulars of this tremendous sweeping sale are being distributed. Read it carefully, and when you call everything stated in it we are prepared to carry out to the letter.

An enormous stock of Dress Goods and Silks will be sacrificed during this mark-down sale.

In our Mantle Room all our Summer Jackets, Wraps, Jerseys, Waterproof Cloaks, Ladies' and Children's White Underwear, Umbrellas, Parasols, Ladies' Blouse Waists, Boating Shawls, etc., etc., at mark-down sale prices for next ten days.

Hosiery, Kid, Silk and Taffeta Gloves and Mits, Summer Underwear, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Edgings, Insertions, All-overs and Skirtings at sweeping reductions during this genuine mark-down sale.

Staple Department

In order to largely reduce our stock of Linen Table Damasks, Sheetings, Pillow Casings, Napkins, Towels, Towellings, Gray and White Cottons, Shirtings, Ginghams, Prints, Sateens, Victoria Lawns, Linen Checks, Muslins, Lace Curtains, White Quilts, Flannelettes, Shaker Flannels, etc., etc., we have made a big reductions in prices. A look through will convince you that this is YOUR OPPORTUNITY
COME OUT IN FORENOON

McKEOWN & Co.
182 Yonge Street
Samples by Mail on Request First-class Dressmaking

Dominion Paper Staining Factory.

Embossed Papers, Bronzes, Micas, Silk Effects, Ingrains

DECORATIONS—JAPANESE LEATHERS, FRENCH LEATHERS, ANAGLYPTA AND ALL HEAVY RELIEF HANGINGS

WINDOW SHADES IN ALL WIDTHS

4 KING STREET WEST, - TORONTO

The Debasement of Women.

To complete the ecstasy of those who believe in the degradation of human labor, need I say that at Stockholm the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of northern Europe? She here practically supplants the beasts of burden. And I am not altogether unfamiliar with women's work in Europe. I have seen her round the pit mouth at the forge, and barefooted in the brickyards of "merrie England," filling blast furnaces and tending coke ovens in "sunny France." I have daily watched her bearing the heat and burden of the day in the fields of the "Fatherland," and in Austria-Hungary doing the work of man and beast on the farm and in the mine.

I have seen women emerge from the coal pits of busy Belgium, where little girls and young women graduate under-ground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts, for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply.

Aged, bent, and sunburned, I have seen women, with rope over shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dykes in picturesque Holland. Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, women still more debased.

In Stockholm she is almost exclusively employed as hod carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries bricks, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner hour you see groups of women sitting on the piles of wood and stones eating their frugal repast. They wear a short gown, coming a trifle below the knee, with home-knitted woolen stockings and wooden shoes. Over the head a handkerchief is tightly tied. Those engaged in mixing mortar and tending plasterers wear aprons.

They are paid for a day of hard work of this toil, lasting twelve hours, the magnificent sum of one kroner (equivalent to 1s. 1d.).

Women sweep the streets, haul the rubbish, drag hand-carts up the hills and over the cobble stones, unload bricks at the quays, attend to parks, do the gardening and row the numerous ferries which abound at Stockholm. The entire dairy business of the city is in their hands, and here they take the place of horses and dogs, carrying on their shoulders the heavy cans of milk from door to door.—*London Tit-Bits.*

So He Would.

A little girl who was studying English history was asked what the Prince of Wales would be when the Queen died. "Please sir, an orphan," replied the scholar.

Lorne Park.

One of the pleasantest summer resorts adjacent to the city is Lorne Park, a fact which for proof needs but a visit to it as it is now in all its summer beauty. A large number of citizens from Toronto are stopping at the hotel or residing in camps and cottages. It is the intention of the managers of the hotel to have throughout the season a concert every Tuesday evening, a social reunion of guests and cottagers on Thursday, and an assembly every Saturday evening. Services are held every Sunday, and the arrangements for traveling or transportation to and fro either by boat or train are of the best.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 6 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ANDERSON—At Ottawa, on July 1, Mrs Frederick C. Anderson—a son.

BEARDMORE—At Acton, on July 6, Mrs. Alfred O. Beardmore—a daughter.

CLIFTON—At Niagara Falls, Ont., July 6, Mrs. H. Clifton—a son.

GOUINLOCK—At Toronto, on July 3, Mrs. George Gouinlock—a daughter.

KLEIN—At Toronto, on June 27, Mrs. I. A. Klein—a son.

SWEYNAM—At Toronto, on July 6, Mrs. I. M. Sweynam—a daughter.

GILLARD—At Toronto, on July 3, Mrs M. J. Gillard—a son.

SEWELL—At Toronto, on July 6, Mrs. S. St. A. Sewell—a son.

TRUAX—At Toronto, on July 4, Mrs. R. Truax—a daughter.

WADDELL—At Dresden, on July 4, Mrs. H. W. Waddell—a son.

BECK—At Toronto, Mrs. John J. Beck—a son.

DONALD—At Rosedale, on July 4, Mrs. James P. Donald—a son.

DANIEL—At Toronto, on July 3, Mrs. C. D. Daniel—a son.

KIELY—At Goderich, on July 4, Mrs. W. T. Kiely, Toronto—a son.

MITCHELL—At Bowmanville, on July 4, Mrs. James Mitchell—a son.

WILD—At Hamilton, on July 4, Mrs. M. C. Wild—a son.

BOWES—At Toronto, on June 25, Mrs. R. H. Bowes—a daughter.

MACMECHAN—At Halifax, N. S., on July 2, Mrs. MacMechan—a daughter.

ARBUTHNOT—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. John Arbuthnot—a son.

BOOZ—At Toronto, on July 9, Mrs. Frederick Booz—a son.

ANDERSON—At 227 Parliament street, on July 4, the wife of John Anderson of a daughter.

WARWICK—At 63 Winchester street, on July 8, Mrs. C. E. Warwick—a son.

DICKSON—At Toronto, on July 6, Mrs. Wm. Dickson—a daughter.

JUNKIN—At Brockville, on July 5, Mrs. R. Junkin—a son.

MEWBURN—At Lethbridge, N.W.T., Mrs. F. Hamilton Mewburn—a daughter.

Marriages.

BUTCHART—HOUSE—At New Sarum, on July 9, by Rev. H. Sowerby, Thomas R. Butchart of Fingal, to Eugene House of New Sarum.

ASHCROFT—DUNCAN—At Toronto, on July 2, Joseph Ashcroft of Toronto to Nellie Duncan of Peterborough.

BROOKS—ARNOLD—At Essa, on July 2, Arthur Brooks to Nellie Jane Arnold.

CÆSAR—DRINKWATER—At Berkeley, on July 2, John Cæsar of Markdale to Maud Alice Drinkwater.

DUNGAN—OLIVER—At Toronto, on June 30, William Henry Dungan to Minnie Oliver.

HUME—WHITE—At Roslin, on July 2, John Patterson Hume to Ida White.

JACKMAN—ROOKE—At Toronto, on July 2, William S. Jackman of Markdale to Virginia (Jennie) Rooke.

MANCHEE—PHILLIPS—At Toronto, on July 2, Oliver A. Manchee to Ellen Alice Phillips.

SAXE—HARPER—At Bradford, on July 3, George Godfrey Saxe of New York to Frances M. Harper.

TUSHINGHAM—CHARD—At Toronto, on July 2, Frank G. Tushingham to Emily L. Chard.

HARVEY—NEWALL—At Winnipeg, on June 17, Rev. G. A. Harvey of Selkirk to Hettie Newall, late of Taunton, Somersetshire, England.

COGLAN—HUTCHCROFT—At Toronto, on June 25, C. Coglan to Bertha J. Hutchcroft.

WALLACE—LEAN—At Toronto, on July 7, Capt. John Wallace of Oil Springs to Mrs. M. E. Lean.

HITCHE ON—LEY—At Torquay, England, on July 2, Richard Hitcheson of Oxford to Harriet Georgina Ley of Cobourg, Ont.

McLEAN—YATES—At Walkerburn, on July 2, Rev. D. A. McLean of Kemble to Ada Y. Yates.

CHRISTIE—GILLESPIE—At Preston, on July 3, Duncan McLaren Christie of Belleville to Elizabeth Bell Gillespie.

SPRINGER—ZAUGG—At Toronto, on July 2, by Rev. Dr. Hunt, C. A. Springer of New York to Fanny Zaugg of Toronto.

HOOPER—HUNT—At Toronto, on July 1, Jonathan Hooper to Ida M. Hunt.

SILVESTER—LEMON—At Lemonville, on June 25, Wm. A. Silvester to Lottie Lemon.

MEHARG—DILL—At Toronto, on July 9, Albert J. Meharg to Annie Dill.

Deaths.

BOARD—Drowned at Bala, Muskoka, on June 30, John Board, jr., of Clifton House.

BRENNEN—At Hamilton, on July 7, Alfred John Brennen, aged 27 years.

CRUMP—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. Julia Crump, aged 68 years.

CANAVAN—Drowned at Buffalo, on July 5, Charles Ferguson Canavan, aged 9 years.

HOSTETTER—Drowned at Bala, Muskoka, on June 30, Stella Hildegard Hostetter, aged 20 years.

HUBBARD—At Toronto, on July 7, Mrs. Mosby Hubbard, aged 70 years.

LYNCH-STAUNTON—At Hamilton, on July 7, Mrs. George Lynch-Staunton.

MERRYFIELD—At Toronto, on July 7, John Merryfield, aged 43 years.

PLEWES—At St. Thomas, on July 7, A. H. Plewes.

LYNN—At Toronto, on July 7, George M. Lynn, aged 39 years.

ENGLISH—At Madoc, on April 5, Charles English, aged 65 years.

ST. CROIX—At Toronto, Clara May St. Croix, aged 16 years.

HOWLAND—At Toronto, on July 4, infant son of W. H. Howland.

ROSS—At Maple Creek, N.W.T., on June 20, William Millmont Ross, aged 49 years.

WILLERS—At Barrie, on July 1, Amelia Jane Willers, aged 26 years.

PAGE—At Ottawa, on July 2, John Page, aged 73 years.

RENNICK—At Toronto, on July 5, Mrs. Margaret A. Rennick, aged 47 years.

KNIGHT—At Woodstock, on July 3, Mrs. Anne Knight, aged 96 years.

JOHNSTON—In the Township of Esquesing, on July 3, Mrs. Mary Ann Johnston, aged 64 years.

BENNETT—At Barrie, on July 2, Mrs Humphrey Bennett, aged 59 years.

MANLEY—Accidentally drowned at Lewiston, N.Y., on July 7, John W. M. Manley, aged 69 years.

JEWETT—At Lindsay, on July 8, Mrs. Albert Edward Jewett of Campbellford, aged 26 years.

ANDROS—Accidentally drowned at Barrie, on July 8, Captain Edwyn Brenton Andros, aged 50 years.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, on July 8, Albert Thompson, aged 27 years.

TRAMPLEASURE—At Toronto, on July 9, Eva Jane Austen Trampleasure.

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Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

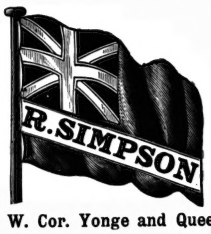
J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—546 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—86 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 3564.

The use of Nestle's Milk Food as a diet, during the hot weather, will do more to diminish infant mortality than any other single precaution that can be employed. Twenty years' experience in Europe and America's large Cities confirms this statement. Send for sample to
THOS. LEEMING & CO., 25 St. Peter St., Montreal.

CHILDREN'S WASHING SUITS AND DRESSES

Boys' Sailor Washing Suits, striped Galatea, trimmed, Navy or Cardinal, from $1.20.
Boys' Sailor Washing Suits, white drill, trimmed, Navy or Cardinal, from $1.40.
Boys' White Linen Drill Sailor Suits, trimmed, Navy or Cardinal, $2.75.
Boys' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, $1.
Children's Jersey Dresses---stylish dresses for little Boys or Girls, with Fancy Striped Flannel Skirts, only $1.75.
Blouse Waist Dresses with separate skirts, only $2.25.
Fancy Cotton Dresses in Navy and White, Cardinal and White, from $1.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

ANNUAL
CLOSING OUT SALE

EMBROIDERIES

Some of the greatest bargains we have to offer at this sale can be found in this department.

3000 pieces Chambray Edgings, 18c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c. and 40c. per dozen yards in Pink, Blue and Gray Chambrays.

1000 pieces Cambric Embroideries closing out at 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., and 60c. per dozen yards.

500 pieces Cambric Edgings at 75c., 80c., 85c., 90c., $1 $1.25 and $1.50 per dozen yards, all wide widths and fine work.

Swiss Muslin Embroideries clearing at 60c., 75c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per dozen yards.

White Dress Flouncings and Skirtings

200 pieces hemstitched flouncings clearing at from 37½c., 45c., 60c., 65c., 75c., $1, $1.25 per yard. These goods were all bought at 50c. on the dollar quite recently from a wholesale dealer.

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SEND TO
HARRY WEBB'S
FOR ESTIMATES FOR
Dinners
At Homes
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We are selling a
BEDROOM SUITE
with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price.
You should secure one of those plums.
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At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.
GEO. E. TROREY
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

LADIES' WATERPROOF CIRCULARS
SPECIAL SALE
Having purchased a Manufacturer's stock of these goods at 75c. on the dollar, we will for the balance of the month offer a special discount of 25 per cent. off our regular prices. These goods range in price from $2.50 to $12 and are certainly the cheapest rubber goods ever offered in the city.
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240 and 242 Yonge Street
MACLEAN & MITCHELL

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INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000
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This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.
Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.
Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.
All investments are guaranteed.
THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.
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IN · TONE : TOUCH · AND · DURABILITY
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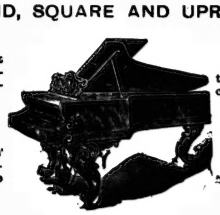
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